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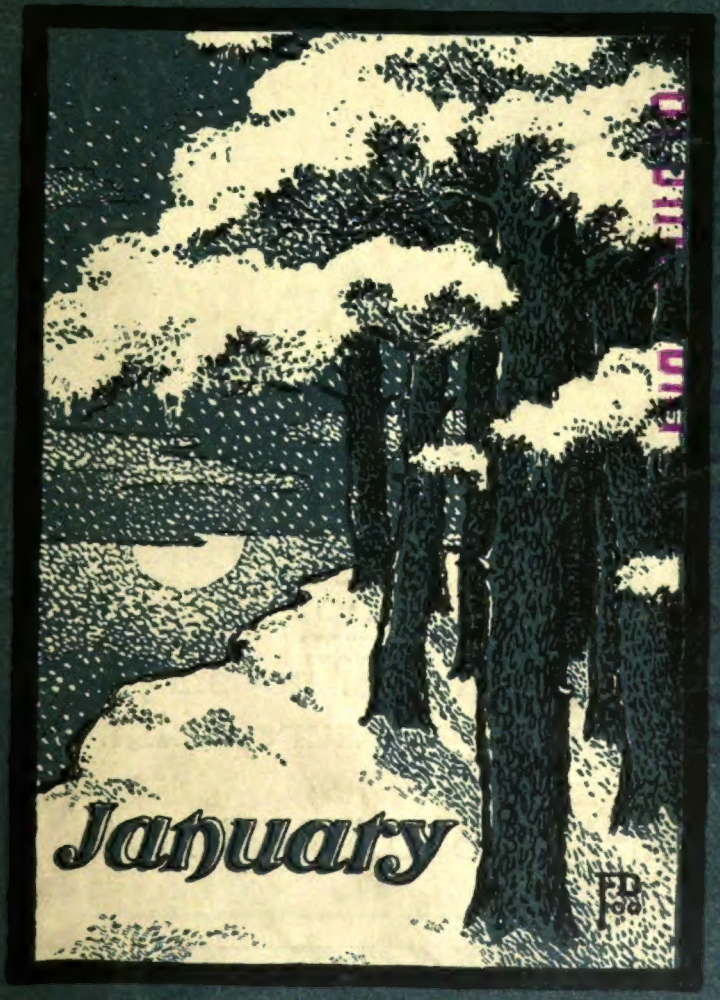
Everybody's Magazine



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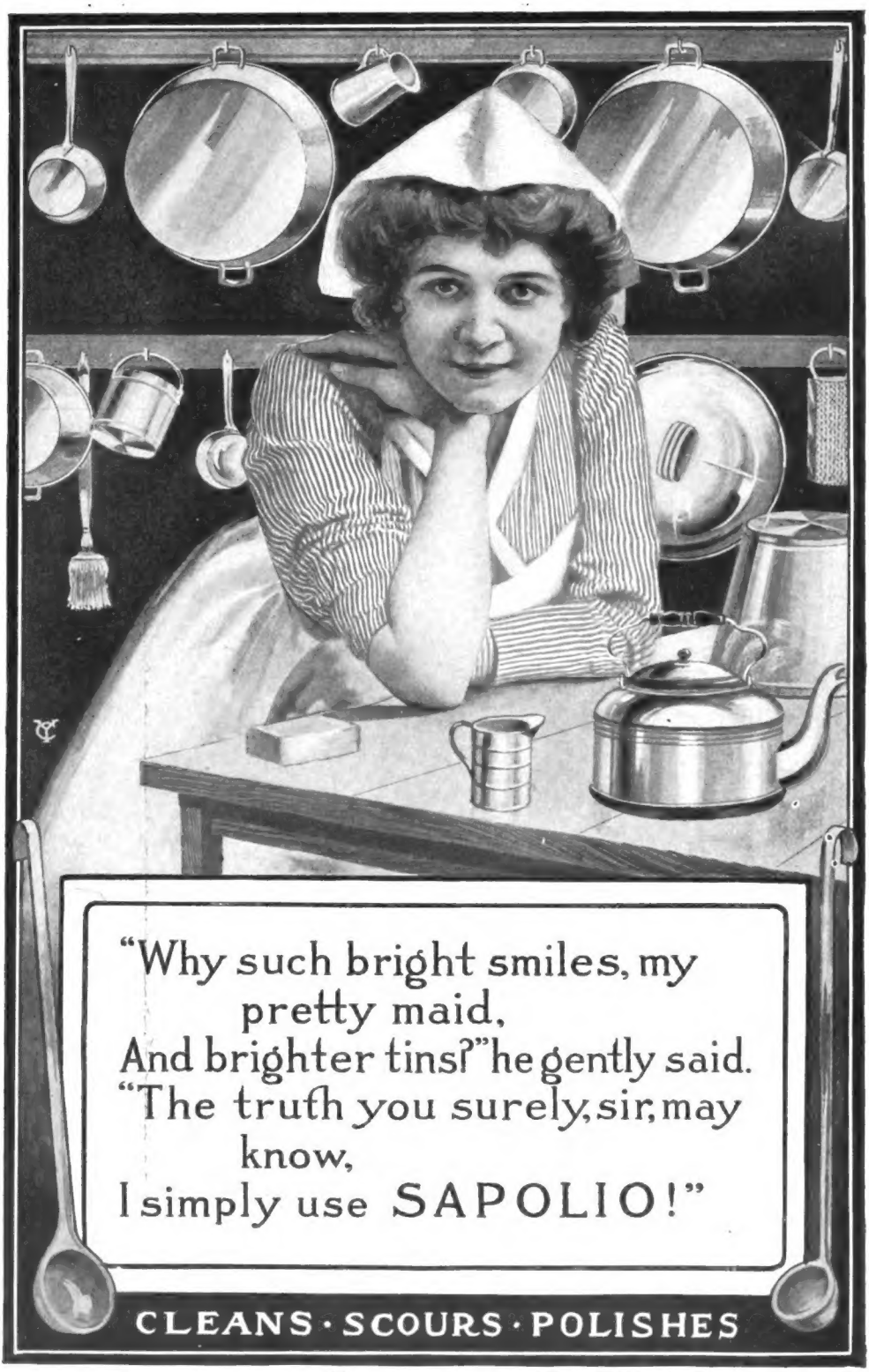
"Why such bright smiles, my
pretty maid,
And brighter tins!" he gently said.
"The truth you surely, sir, may
know,
I simply use SAPOLIO!"
CLEANS · SCOURS · POLISHES

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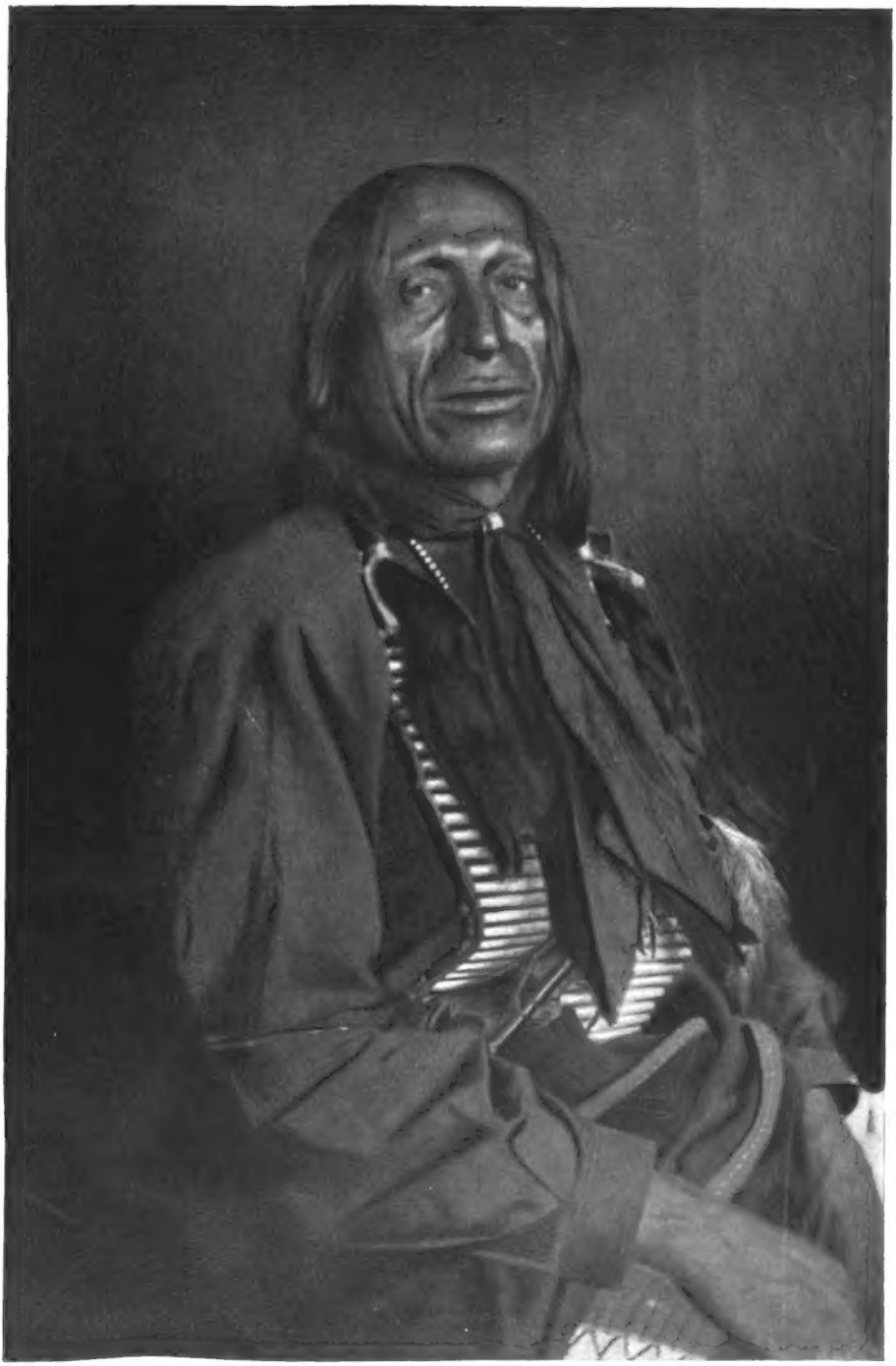

IRON TAIL.

(This portrait was made with his feathers and other decorations removed, the photographer declaring that she wished to take a real "raw" Indian. *See page 7.*)

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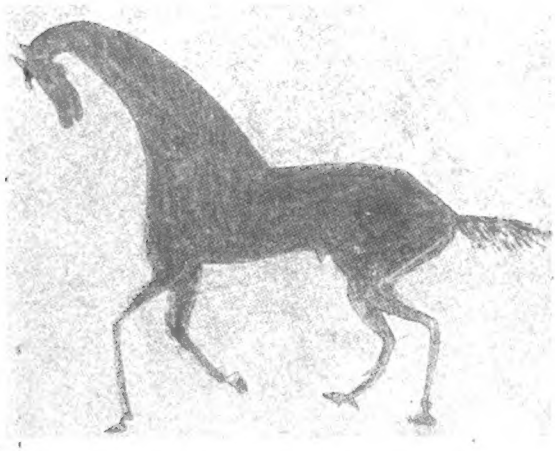
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. IV. JANUARY, 1901. No. 17.

AN INDIAN DRAWING OF A HORSE.



Some Indian Portraits.

With remarkable photographic portraits by Gertrude Käsebier, and Indian drawings.

THE "Wild West" parade was passing along the avenue. A woman looked down upon it from a studio window and saw Indians, real live Indians, tricked out in gaily colored finery, and astride of wiry little horses.

The mere sight of their painted dignity was enough to revive for her the fascination of the Plains. She longed for a breath of the prairies, for a far horizon, a dome of blue sky above, the majesty of the storm in the open. She heard again the bark of the coyote; saw the great herds of buffalo, with their clumsy, shambling gait; the wary antelopes; the eagle, winging its way; the bands of roving red men, still free to come and go at will, with never a thought of "reservations."

She remembered, too, as in a dream, how a child had once been hidden by a frightened mother beneath the seat of just such a "Deadwood Coach," while rifles cracked, and bullets sang through the air, and Indians, mad with fire-water, woke the echoes with their savage yells. Quite as distinct were the Indian pappooses, who had made such delightful playfellows, and the absorbingly interesting houses, which had but one room and were covered with skins.

Inexorable brick walls crowded out the visions as the cavalcade passed out of view. But the artist instinct reinforced the inward plea for some more tangible remembrance of those days when nature was on every side, instead of at the end of a railway journey; and the *impresario* who was

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AMOS TWO BULLS.

(The feathers in the hair of a young Indian brave signify that he is looking for a wife.)

responsible for awakening such recollections was soon in receipt of a letter requesting that some of his Sioux braves might be allowed to pay a call on an old friend of their tribe at ten o'clock next morning—and incidentally sit for their portraits.

That letter had more effect than its author anticipated. It is considered an honor on the reservation to go out with the Show, and when, that night, from this picked band were selected the few personages who were to represent their tribe before one who had visited in their tepees and played with their pappooses, the occasion plainly called for all the resources at hand. The Indians of the "Wild West" aggregation arose next morning at daybreak; all the finery of the whole band was cast into a common lot and divided among the favored few; these arrayed themselves with the help of their comrades, and so earnestly did they apply themselves to this weighty business that it was all completed some time before the city's breakfast hour.

The chaperon upon whom was laid the responsibility of watching out for their behavior urged the necessity of waiting until the hour set, and for a time his authority prevailed. But after eight o'clock impatience could no longer be restrained, and a file of outwardly calm and grave Indians left their quarters, headed uptown.

An hour later, the hostess arrived at her studio, having hastened in on an early train from the country that she might have plenty of time to prepare something more substantial than cordiality for the three or four guests whom she expected to "take tea" with her at ten.

She opened the door, and with difficulty suppressed an exclamation of mingled surprise and pleasure. Her request for Indians had been generously complied with. Seated in a large circle around the "model-throne"—which was occupied by the chaperon as chief—were nine of the most gorgeous braves she had ever beheld.

There were Iron Tail and High Heron, Has-no-Horses and Sammy Lone Bear, Joseph Black Fox and Red Horn Bull, Shooting Pieces, Philip Standing Soldier, and Kills-close-to-the-Lodge. They wore feathered head-dresses that were marvels; short jackets fairly covered with elaborate designs in solid beadwork; flannel shirts of vivid red, blue, and green; blankets beaded and decorated with patterns of United States flags; moccasins edged with beads or dyed porcupine quills; and furs of otter skin. Brass and silver bands and silver rings stood out against the copper-brown of their arms and fingers.

Some of them, like Iron Tail and Kills-close-to-the-Lodge, were typical of the wild Indians. They had never been to the schools; they were still a part of the wild life, undegenerate, tall and straight like pine trees. In sharp contrast, to a practised eye, were the young educated bucks, dandies with feathers in their hair to signify that they were looking for wives,

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RED BIRD.

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PHILIP STANDING SOLDIER.

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A BUFFALO.

Drawn by Philip Standing Soldier.

beauty-spots of gold in their white front teeth, able to write a little, and to speak a comical broken English. But they showed, especially the older men, such real beauty of figure and wild grace, such stolid dignity and apparent unconsciousness, such impenetrable reserve, melting into naïve and childish interest before cigarettes and picture-making!

Posing is slow work; but tea, with hot frankfurters between unbuttered slices of bread, filled in the waits to every one's satisfaction. The visitors were polite, but frank. It happened that a crust fell to the share of Iron Tail, whereat he promptly returned it to be exchanged for a slice from the inside of the loaf.

The artist, meanwhile, had begun to weary of beadwork and feathers.

"I want a real *raw* Indian for a change," she declared. "The kind I used to see when I was a child."

Quite at random she selected Iron Tail, and proceeded to divest him of his finery. Feathers and trinkets were removed, and amid a dead silence she placed him before the camera and secured the most remarkable portrait of the whole collection. He said never a word, but obeyed instructions like an automaton. In the wonderful face which serves as a frontispiece to this issue, it is perhaps not fanciful to read something of the misery which he was really undergoing. For the truth was that every feather represented some act of bravery either on his own part or that of his ancestors. This superb old Sioux (who probably took part in the Custer fight nearly a quarter of a century ago) had been a mighty man of battle; the number of his plumes stood for enemies slain; they were like a Medal of Honor, or a Victoria Cross, or the Order of the Legion; and to be stripped of them before his comrades was as if a captain's sword should be broken in the face of his men. Without sentimental exaggeration, it was a tragedy to the veteran. When the portrait was handed to him some days later, he tore it in two and

A DEER.

Drawn by Joseph Black Fox.

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WILLIE SPOTTED HORSE.

(The Indians believe that if a child is painted or photographed it will die. It took three years of acquaintanceship and persuasion to enable Mrs. Käsebier to photograph any of the children.)

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IRON TAIL.

(A portrait made in full regalia, because of his dissatisfaction with the undecorated one. *See Frontispiece.*)

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KILLS-CLOSE-TO-THE-LODGE.

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WHITE WOLF.

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A DRAWING BY PHILIP STANDING SOLDIER.

flung it from him. Luckily, however, an explanation and a second sitting in full regalia entirely restored his peace of mind.

Three hours did this portrait-tea last. Sammy Lone Bear distinguished himself by his drawings, Black Fox by signing his name (see the accompanying facsimile) after making one effort at the latter, and then, overwhelmed by the fear lest the writing was not good enough, spitting on his finger and trying to rub out the failure.

"Won't you sing for us, Sammy?" asked the ladies.

"Sammy cannot song," he answered cheerfully.

These portraits are really a revelation of Indian character. We have had a great many explanations of the red man—all the way from the bloodthirsty savage of the early settlers to Fenimore Cooper's superhuman "noble Mohicans;" but it is safe to say that no one can look over these impressive pictures without a sense of acquaintanceship with some new phases of the Sioux. Certainly they show a neglected field for our painters and sculptors; for it would be difficult to find any subject which combines more perfectly intense human interest, strength, and individuality with an innate picturesqueness than do these Sioux braves picked up quite at random.

From the standpoint of rarity the children's pictures are by all odds the most valuable, for there is a most lively superstition, on the part of the Sioux at least, that to paint or photograph a child will bring about its death. Only by reason of special friendship was it possible to picture the children, and even with this aid it took three years before they could be persuaded to bring little Mary Lone Bear to the photographer. As it happened, six weeks after this event Mary Lone Bear died. And when the photographer next appeared, the mothers fairly ran from her with their children.

A certain naïveté and cunning simplicity, which seems inherent in Indian nature, is amusingly shown by the accompanying drawings, and by the following extracts from a series of letters written by one of the younger men already referred to:

June 28, '98.
JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I will write a few lines to you. I received your letter and picture too. I hope you are well and you said you send me your picture. I wish would like to see your picture. Don't forget these. No

A DRAWING BY SAMMY LONE BEAR.

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JOE BLACK FOX.

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MARY LONE BEAR.

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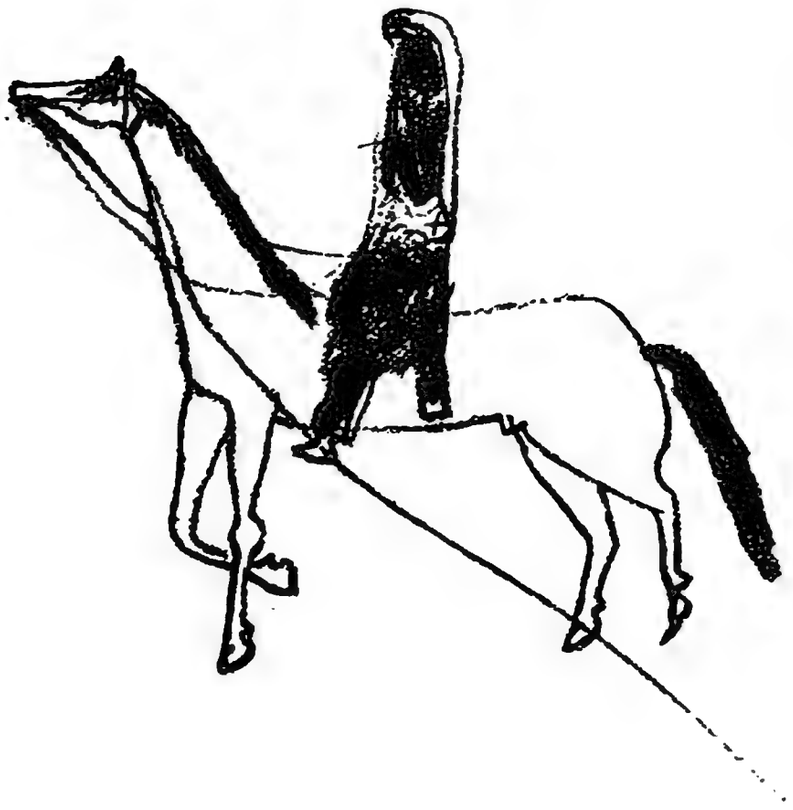

A DRAWING BY SAMMY LONE BEAR.

Horse is very well now. I have good time when fourth of July. I think show close 20th Oct. we are going home. I send to you a good luck for you. I found four leaf cover [clover]. I would like send you cover when write to me. . . . My address is Pine Ridge Agency. . . . I was in Indian school we have good time. I see my folks. I am 20 is old now. That is me.

I will shake hand
with me
From You Friend

SAMUEL LONE BEAR.

You send me the flag Envelope to me. You promised me you send to me envelope thank you every so much. Execuse me my bad hand write. I will do better next time I write my self if you Please.

Next follows a letter in Indian, beginning "Eya wowapi wan maya gon," etc., of which this is a translation:

You have sent me a letter; well, I have received it and now my heart is good. I have not much to say to you.

I think I have seen you when we were at Madison Square Garden. I think so, when we showed there. And I want a picture of you. You give me one, it will make my heart feel good. And I may write you a letter, your mother said when she came to the show.

. . . . . .

And I remember you all well, and from now on I will forever remember you all. And I will write you a letter again. Further on I will not see you any more, may be, so, on account of you all my heart will feel bad (sorry). Answer me, I want you, very soon.

My address,
Lancaster, Penn.

My heart is good and I shake hands with you.

SAMUEL LONE BEAR.

Then comes a message from the reservation:

KYLE, SHANNON CO. (DAKOTA).
10–23—98.

DEAR FRIEND:

I am going to write to you this evening. I come back to pine ridge Agency. I am very so glad. I want to see you next year. My country is very cold over hear. Plenty girls over hear. I sent love to you, best regard to you

I will shake hand with me
I hope you are well
From your Friend

SAMUEL LONE BEAR.

In the following spring, he writes again from Pine Ridge:

A DRAWING BY SAMMY LONE BEAR.

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A DRAWING BY JOE BLACK FOX.

Your kind letter of the 8th reached me hear was glad to hear from you. and you send me handkerchief. I am very glad I received your letter and Answer soon as I can. my mother made for you moccasin of good leather all bead on $250 a pair moccasins. Show open March 20th in the Madison Square Garden. I bring to you a pair moccasin for you in New York. but sorry my Grand father die last month.

I send love to you
I am my close letter now
I hope you are well
That is all now
I will shake hand with me
I am your friend

SAMUEL L. BEAR, JR.

The last one of this bundle to be quoted from is by a different hand, and goes to show that red men are much like white:

BROOKLYN, N. Y.,
May 8th, 1900.

I will now drop a few lines to let you know I am doing well, and always think of you, never forget you, I am very much obliged to you for your book. I will keep that book for ever in remembrance of you. Well. Last Saturday morning I went down to see you, this is the Reason I did not stay enogh, is this, the day before that I went down with Sam, and you told us to go down that morning, and you gave me 2 of your pictures and promised me a book, that day you know and in Sat. morning. now, in Sat. I told Sam & Black fox go down. But they dont want me to go with them. they hide and gone. they left me. Sam is your friend I know, and I am a friend to everybody and likes everday, But they dont want me a friend to you, they are mad a Kind of Jealous I think, so that is the Reason I didnt stay long enogh, that day. they come back at Garden and they say I mad. But I did not mad, no, no, never feel no mad, I got little bead work to give you. But they dont want me too. But that is reason I dont give you. But I am always friend of you. now I will close my letter by sending you my best wishes to you.

Your truly friend
DAVID BULL BEAR
Answer soon.

or when you come down to the show.

Another series of letters from the members of this interesting company follows:

HARTFORD, CONN.
June 24th, 1900

MY DEAR — —

I will write a letter to you. I received your letter and you give me your picture yesterday and was very glad to hear from your. I send to you my letter yesterday no emplored. I am quick as I can. I will tell them. I went something to me I am tell for —— I think tell you I want to hankerchief Blue one Remembrance you all of time when to see you again

I never to see and I am very sorry, you never see me you so sorry . . . We are gone home and We have very sorry. I send love to you Best regard to you. I will Close my first letter now

This is all
I remain your Friend

AMOS TWO BULLS

Soon as you can answer me

MY DEAR FRIEND

I got your letter last week ago, and I was very glad to hear from you. I hope you are pretty well I send you my picture sometimes. I send one

(After signing his name, Joe Black Fox, in a fit of shyness, tried to rub it out with his thumb.)

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PHILIP STANDING SOLDIER.

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LONE BEAR.

(Father of Sam Lone Bear.)

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WHIRLING HAWK.

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SAMUEL LONE BEAR.

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"A WAR DANCE." DRAWN BY SAM LONE BEAR.

thing for you and when I going home Christmas come send one maccsin for you, all of beads on. I want to see you next year. I remember you always. last month ago I dreamer of you. I see you in Madison Square Garden, and get off. I am very sorry.

Philadelphia girls I got one picture. This is nice girl, name is Carrie one is name Emma. I got you letter letter and This Two girls to hear from me. I am so glad close the show Nov 3—sweet home. I send best regard to ——. Let me know where is liver I mean address.

I must close my letter now. good-bye.

I beg you remian

YOUR FRIEND

P. S. My dear—you said "you bad boy," I am good fellow this time.

I think somebody no good

SAM LONE BEAR.

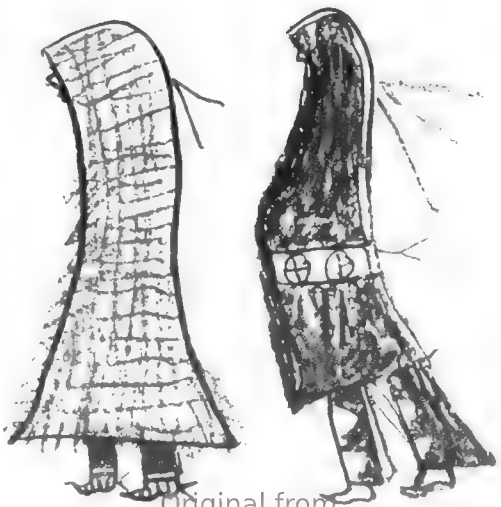
MY DEAR FRIEND

I got your letter some Day. and was very glad to hear from you. tell them —— wrote write to me send my pink handkerchief. I am thank you every so much. I hope you are very well— I give love and best regard to him —— and —— too.

I must close my letter now. I will have not much to say to you. O yes one Indian die in June 28 night die name is Afrarid of Hawk. one is send to home Eagle Bear here is awful sick. one is send to home in boston mass, spotted Horse. I am your friend

S. L. BEAR.

Jos Black Fox



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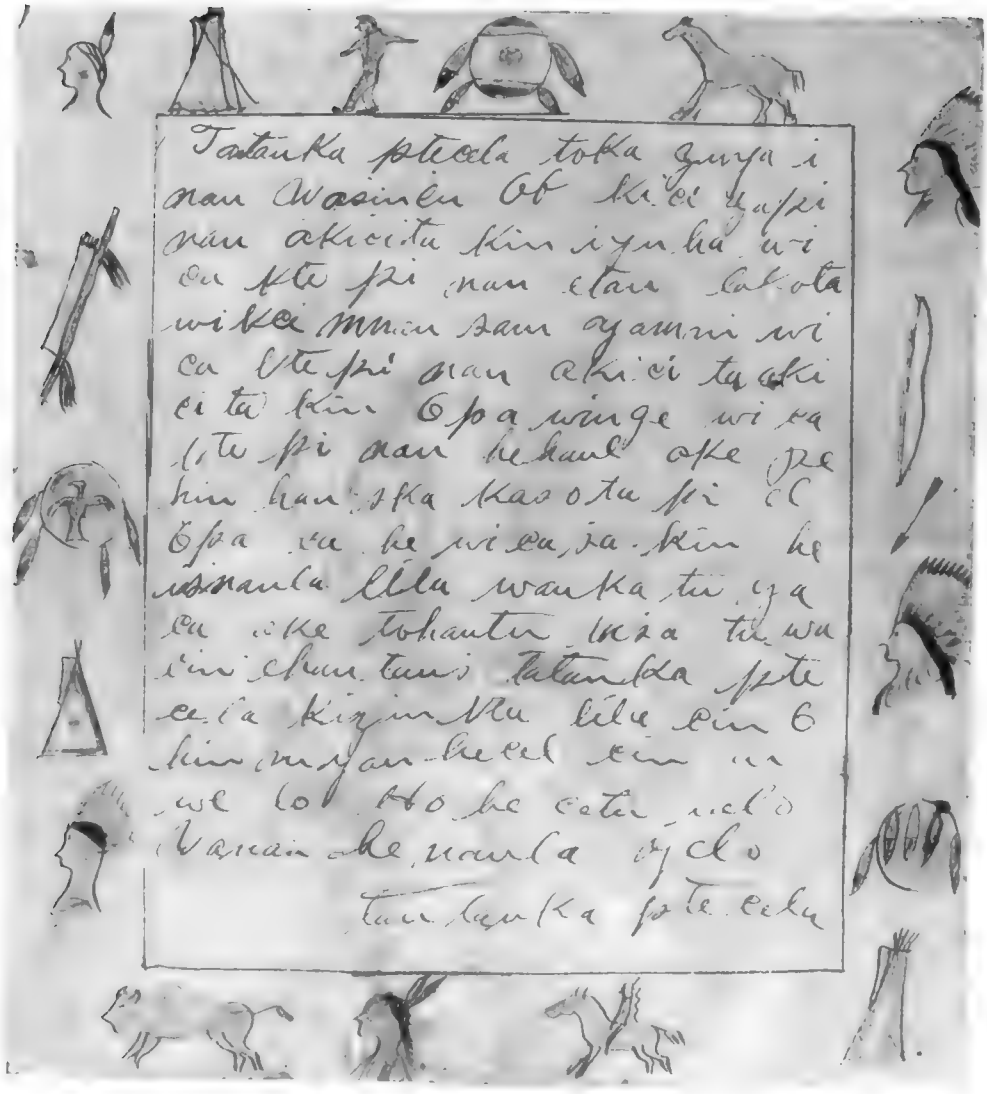

THE STORY OF THE CUSTER FIGHT, TOLD IN SIOUX.

MY DEAR FRIEND

I got your letter yesterday. I was very glad to hear from you. I am so anious. — never send me pinks Hankerchief well, I don't care about fool me. I though is good girl. Never my. I can not wrote to you I have to busy plenty work. I send love and best regard to you, when I gone home my country, I send you on slipping for you. Don't forgottens. I dreaming of you last night. I see you and——. tell them—no more present, as Don't talk to pink—hankerchief no more. I sent it at picture and I want you to send me yours as soon as you possibly can. I would like to be with you myself. I hope you will answer this letter as soon as you possibly can as I must close my letter now. I will have not much to say to you.

Good bye bye.

I can't tell you I send S. K. you know that what you mean.

I am your Friend,

— —

In the next, Samuel seems to have been consulting either a friend or a "Ready Letter Writer":

MY DEAR FRIEND

I received your kind letter on the 1st Inst. Was more than glad to hear from you and that you were well this leaves me enjoying the Same Blessings. I had not thought that you had forgotten me whatever because I waited very Patiently for an Answer. Now

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SAMMY LONE BEAR. PHILIP STANDING SOLDIER. JOE BLACK FOX. IRON TAIL.

INDIANS MAKING DRAWINGS.

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HIGH HERON.

I am waiting for your Picture. Then I will send you mine next week.

In Regards to the Indians being sick on June the 28th one died at Danbury and 2 were sent home. The one that died name was Afraid of hawk. one sent from Pittsfield name was Eagle bear and one sent from Rome name was Killbackward. David is Pretty well now. ——— sent me a Pink Hankerchief of which I Received all Right. I will now tell you what S. K. means, a sweet Kiss. Now — — as my whole heart Is Entirely upon you, I hope yours will still grow stronger toward me

= Now =
May the Snowy wings
of Innocence and
= Love =
Ever protect and giude the through
life and allow me to Remain
Your true friend
I am Truly yours

P.S. don't show It to — .

LITTLE FINGER.

My Dear Friend,

I am going to write to you this afternoon. I see you next year. I promised you send to you massican

for you—when I gone home. close the show, Nov. 3d. — I am very glad I tell you when is Chirstmas coming. I give you maccsin for pressent to you.

I send love and best regard to you and — and — too. I must close my letter now.

I will shake hand with me.

Good bye bye.

I am Your Friend.

Taken all together, these portraits and letters—the latter entirely from educated Indians—suggest some interesting considerations as to the effects of our civilization upon our Indian wards. A large-minded artist or writer, too, would find among the fast-vanishing life and customs of the Western tribes "material" difficult to equal.

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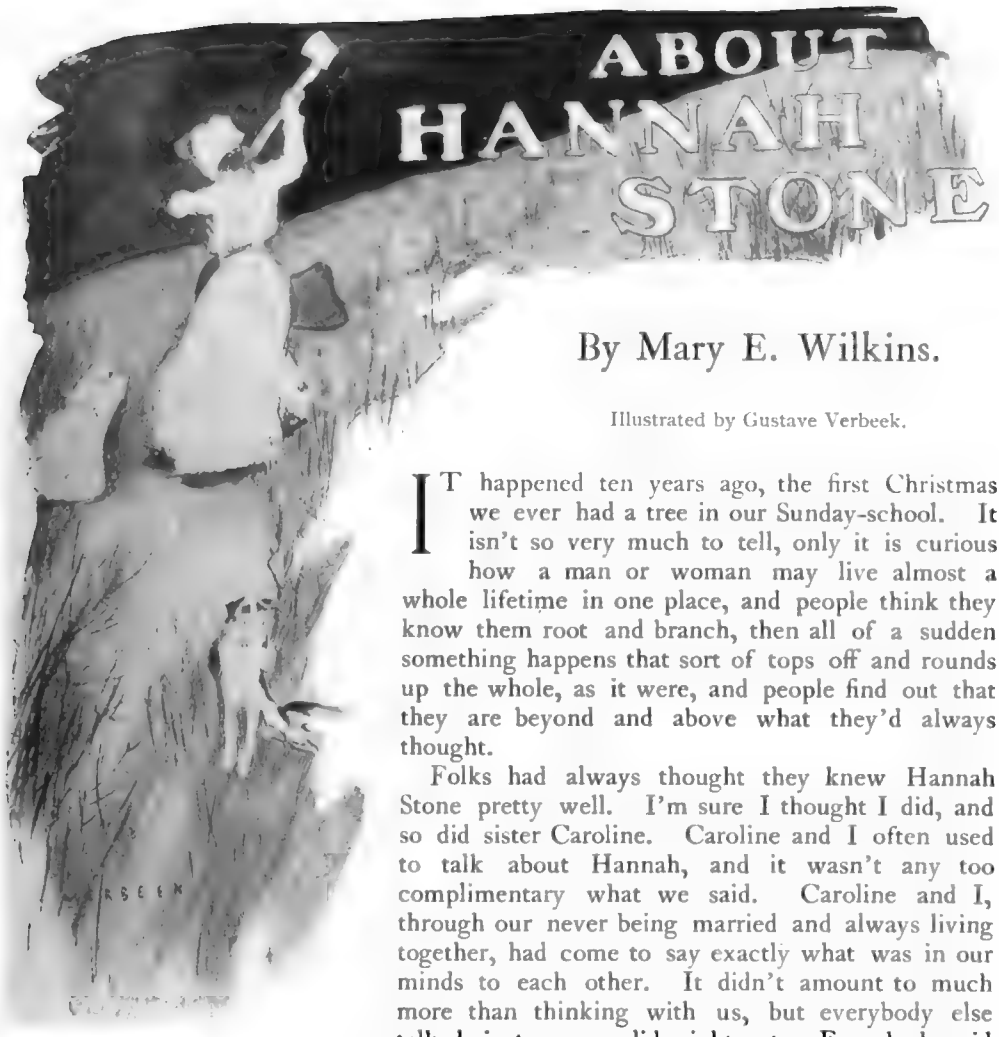

By Mary E. Wilkins.

Illustrated by Gustave Verbeek.

IT happened ten years ago, the first Christmas we ever had a tree in our Sunday-school. It isn't so very much to tell, only it is curious how a man or woman may live almost a whole lifetime in one place, and people think they know them root and branch, then all of a sudden something happens that sort of tops off and rounds up the whole, as it were, and people find out that they are beyond and above what they'd always thought.

Folks had always thought they knew Hannah Stone pretty well. I'm sure I thought I did, and so did sister Caroline. Caroline and I often used to talk about Hannah, and it wasn't any too complimentary what we said. Caroline and I, through our never being married and always living together, had come to say exactly what was in our minds to each other. It didn't amount to much more than thinking with us, but everybody else talked just as we did, right out. Everybody said that Hannah Stone was a strange woman. In the first place she lived all alone on the finest farm in the county, in a dreadful lonesome spot, too, almost on the top of Crook Neck Mountain. It is called Crook Neck because it has a queer long slope to the southward, then a great bulge, for all the world like a crook-neck squash. Hannah lived well up the long southern slope, all alone, except for the dummy man that her father had taken, when he was a boy, from the almshouse. The dummy, according to all accounts, wasn't much more than a machine; but he was a good machine.

They do say that dummy can turn off more work than three men that can talk and hear. Maybe it is because he doesn't have his mind taken from his work so much. Sister Caroline often says that if we had all the time we waste in talking, and hearing other people, we could do a good deal more work in the world. But when it comes to that, Hannah Stone doesn't talk much more than the dummy man, and she works. I suppose there isn't a man in the village can begin to do

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a bigger day's work than Hannah. She goes right out in the field and works, ploughing and planting, wood-chopping, too. Many's the time I've seen Hannah Stone driving her ox-sled through the village with a load of wood, and she'd pitch it off just like a man, too. One winter she brought a load to Caroline and me, and I felt dreadful queer to see another woman pitching off wood at our back door, and so did Caroline.

THERE WAS A GREAT FLOCK OF HENS . . . AND THE DUMMY MAN WAS FEEDING THEM.

I said to Caroline that it didn't seem right and according to the fitness of things, and she said she felt so too. It was a bitter cold day, and the wind was coming in blasts enough to take your head off round the corner of our house. Hannah had on mittens and a Bay State shawl, with the ends crossed in front and tied behind, and a worsted hood, but her face was blue. Finally I couldn't stand it another minute. I wrapped up real warm, and I went out. Caroline had a cold, and couldn't, anyhow. I went round to the tail of that ox-sled, and I began dragging off the wood. It was all I could do—I never was a strong build. Then Hannah stopped and came round to me. "What be you doin', Kate?" said she. Hannah and I used to go to school together, and had always been Hannah and Kate to each other.

I spoke up real sharp. "If a woman as well off as you are, with a man to help her, is going to haul wood such a day as this, I ain't going to sit in a warm room and look out of the window and see it," said I. Then I dragged off another great stick. Hannah she didn't say anything, but she just took hold of my arm, and walked me up to the house, and I hadn't any more strength against her than a baby. "Now you go right in," said she, then, and her lips were so stiff with the cold that she could hardly speak. I had to go, but I was angry enough, and I just called back at her that she ought to be ashamed of herself; that it was a disgrace to the whole town to have a woman working like that such a day; and that she needn't ever bring any more wood to Caroline and me, anyhow.

Hannah didn't say a word back; she just kept on unloading her team, with Caroline and me looking on, and scolding her out the window. Then she drove her oxen out of the yard. She looked as shapeless as a Hindoo idol standing up in front of the sled. The fringe of her Bay State shawl blew in the wind, but Hannah Stone didn't look as if any mortal wind could move her if she didn't want to go.

Caroline and I heard afterward that the dummy man was down with rheumatism, and we had written to Hannah that we were dreadful hard off for wood, and we felt kind of conscience-stricken.

Hannah had the name of being very well off. People said that she had a great deal in the savings-bank, besides her farm, and she was called very hard at a bargain. Nobody could overreach her, and, maybe in consequence, it was said that she overreached other people. Caroline and I never really believed that, but she was so

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exactly just that it did use to seem rather mean to us. For instance, Caroline and I were out driving one day and stopped at Hannah's to buy some peas, and she had to measure them out in a pail, because the dummy man was out peddling with the peck measure, and she came way down from her farm that night because she had given us about a gill too many. I can see her now as she stood at our door with her arm crooked around her peck measure. "I found out I give you a gill extra, and as long as I knew you wasn't going to boil them till to-morrow, I came for them," said she, and she didn't act as if she was doing a thing out of the way. Caroline and I looked at each other, then I went and measured out those peas, and gave them to Hannah.

Hannah was always doing things like that; the village rang with them. Sometimes, though, it worked the other way around. I know for a fact about Hannah's driving down in a blinding snowstorm because Alexander Dean had given her two cents too much for a load of wood. Alexander Dean is a church-member now, but he used to be a very profane man, and sometimes his old habit takes him unawares. They said he swore at Hannah awfully when he went to the door, and saw her pulling that two cents from her mitten. I *can't* repeat just what he said, but he asked what in —— made her come down in that howling storm with that —— two cents; and Hannah said that she was afraid that something might happen to her, and he would lose it. They did say that Alexander Dean was so mad that he flung the two cents into a snowbank, but I don't know about that.

There are a great many stories of unsuccessful attempts to overreach Hannah Stone. Once Deacon Alvin Gay sold her a cow, and when she sent the dummy man for her, the deacon sent the wrong cow, not worth more'n a quarter of the one Hannah had bought. Hannah had paid a good round sum for the cow, too. Alvin Gay has always had the name of doing things like that, if he is a deacon, so people were inclined to believe it, though he declared it wasn't so, and Hannah had overreached him, instead of him her. Anyway, it was late Saturday night when the dummy man took that wrong cow home. They said he made all sorts of signs that it wasn't right, but the deacon he made believe that he didn't understand. Well, bright and early the next morning, on the Sabbath Day, Hannah came, dressed in her meeting dress and bonnet, walking down from her farm, leading the cow. She led her up to the deacon's front door—the deacon lives next to the meeting-house —and she knocked, and the deacon's wife,

SHE LOOKED AS HAPELESS AS A HINDOO IDOL

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THE DEACON.

who is a real mild-spoken woman, came to the door. She didn't know what it all meant, and she looked sort of scared-like at Hannah standing there with the cow. "Good-morning," said she.

"I want to see the deacon," said Hannah.

Then the deacon's wife called him, and he came with his face all red with the soap and water scrubbing he had given it, and with struggling into his Sunday collar, and trying to hide that he was in a twitter. "Why, good-mornin', Miss Stone," said he, just as if he was going to speak in meeting, kind of pleasant, but solemn. Hannah told me all about it afterward, when I had come to know her better.

Hannah didn't waste any ceremony. She always went straight to the point. "Where is the cow I bought?" said she.

"Why, ain't that the cow you bought?" said the deacon.

"No, it ain't," said she.

Then the deacon kind of cleared his throat. It was queer, but he hated to tell a downright lie, though he would always overreach in a bargain, if what folks say is true. "Why, you talked about buying that cow, didn't you?" said he. "You looked at that cow."

"I looked at her, and I looked away again," said Hannah. "I wouldn't take her as a gift. You know this ain't the cow I bought, Deacon Gay; she's something the same color, but you know she ain't the one, and you don't dare to say she is. Now I want the cow I bought."

Then the deacon got desperate, and he *did* lie. "That is the cow you bought," said he.

"It ain't," said she.

"Yes, it is," said he, "and what is more, it's all the cow you'll get. A bargain is a bargain."

"Do you mean to say that you, a deacon of the church, are goin' to try to palm off this old cow on me for that fine young Jersey I bought?" said Hannah.

"This is the cow you bought," declared the deacon. "This is the cow I understood you wanted, and the one your dummy man came for. I wouldn't have let that Jersey go, anyhow."

Hannah didn't say any more; she had talked a good deal for her, as it was. She just gathered up her best black silk, and she sat down on the deacon's front doorstep. She was still holding the rope with the cow at the other end of it.

The deacon looked at her. "I suppose you know it's the Sabbath Day?" said he finally.

"I ain't lost my reckonin'," said Hannah.

"And it don't look becomin' for a woman to be leadin' around cows when it's most time for the bell to ring for meetin'," said the deacon.

Hannah didn't say anything. The cow begun to eat the top of Mrs. Gay's peony bush, which was all in full blow.

"What be you goin' to do?" said the deacon finally, kind of feeble like.

"I'm going to set here till you give me that cow I bought," said Hannah.

"Why, don't you know that the folks will be comin' to meetin' in a minute? And this is next door to the meetin'-house, and you settin' here with this cow," said the deacon.

Hannah said nothing.

The deacon gave a kind of grunt and went into the house. The cow went on eating the peony.

Pretty soon a team drove up to the meeting-house, and the deacon came out again. He looked after the team kind of wild, then he looked at the cow. "I dunno but pinies are bad for cows to eat," said he.

"Well, it is nothin' to me, it ain't my cow," said Hannah.

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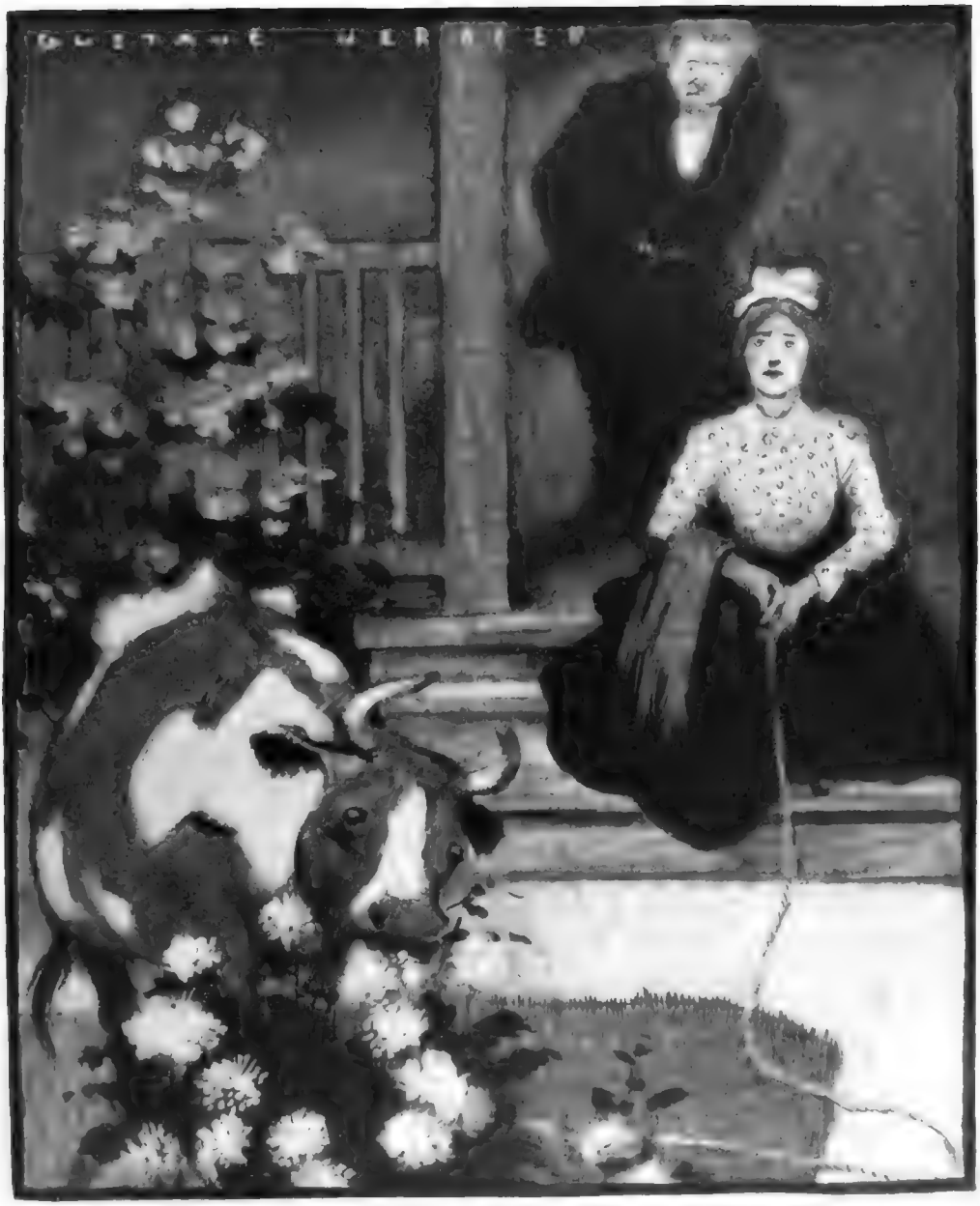

"I'M GOING TO SET HERE TILL YOU GIVE ME THAT COW I BOUGHT," SAID HANNAH.

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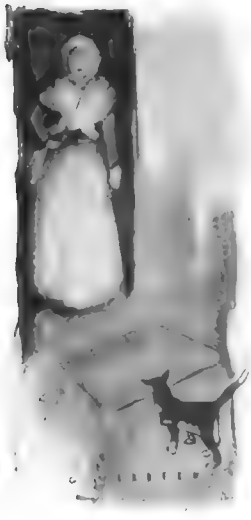
"Of course it's your cow."

"No, it ain't, it's your cow. If you don't want her to eat pinies, you can take her and put her in the barn, and give me my cow that I bought and paid for."

Well, the upshot of it all was, Deacon Gay was so scared at the idea of Hannah sitting there when folks were going to meeting, and his wife came out and cried a little and whispered to him, too, that he gave in. He got fairly desperate. He promised solemn that Hannah should have the Jersey, and he promised, too, in the presence of his wife and the hired girl. Hannah had them both out for witnesses. Then the deacon led off the old cow to the barn, and Hannah rose up, and shook her black silk dress, and went to meeting. That story got all over town, and though it didn't reflect to the credit of the deacon, for some reason or other it did not seem to prepossess people in favor of Hannah. Sister Caroline and I, in talking it over one afternoon, agreed that sometimes it seemed as if people, especially men folks, liked women better that they *could* take in.

Hannah, besides the reputation of being very sharp at a bargain, had also the name of being very close in money matters. It was said that she never gave a cent to anybody. So when it was decided to have a Christmas tree in the Sunday-school, nobody thought that Hannah would do anything toward it. I was on the committee to solicit presents for the tree, and so was Caroline, and we both of us thought that we wouldn't ask Hannah to give anything. "It's no use going way up there," said Caroline; "I know she won't give a cent." I thought so, too. However, when the time came, and I was starting out one afternoon, I thought to myself, "Well, I will ask Hannah Stone, whether or no. It can't do any harm, and if she's ever called to account for not giving, she won't have for an excuse that she wasn't asked. It won't be my fault." So I climbed up the slope of Crook Neck Mountain to Hannah's house. It was quite a climb on such a cold day, with the wind in my face all the way. When I got there I looked around, and I thought to myself that it did look prosperous, and as if Hannah could afford to give if she wanted to. Everything was spick and span; not a picket loose on the fences, nor a stone off the walls. There was a great flock of hens and another of turkeys in front of the barn, and the dummy man was feeding them. The barn-door was open, and I could see the long row of tails of Hannah's herd of Jersey cows. I went round to the side door, and knocked, and Hannah came. She had on her Bay State shawl and hood.



"I FOUND OUT I GIVE YOU A GILL EXTRA . . ." SAID SHE.

"Why, good-afternoon, Kate; come in," said she.

"Are you going out?" said I; "because I won't hinder you if you are."

"Oh, I'm only goin' to help David milk," said she.

Then I spoke right out the way I always do when I see anybody treated unjustly, whether it's by other folks or themselves. "You don't mean to say that you are going out to milk such a cold day as this, when you've got that great strapping man to help!" said I.

"Don't you know?" asked Hannah, and I saw the tears in her eyes.

"Know what?" said I.

"I'm afraid he's got the consumption, the first stages," said Hannah.

"How do you know?"

"He coughs," said she; "besides the doctor as good as says so. He says his lungs are weak, and he's got to be very careful."

"Well, of course, I didn't know that," said I.

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"I DON'T LET FOLKS HAVE MY TREES FOR NOTHING . . ." SAYS HANNAH.

"He's been in the family ever since I can remember, and poor father thought a lot of him, and he's been as faithful and good as he could be, and he all the time livin', as it were, behind prison-bars, and never gettin' the comfort out of life that other folks do," said Hannah, and she wiped her eyes with the back of her mitten.

"Why, I'm real sorry he's so poorly," said I, and I felt sort of ashamed of myself. I asked Hannah if he had tried molasses and butter and vinegar boiled together till it was thick, and she said he had, and it hadn't done a mite of good, and now he was taking cod-liver oil. I just stepped inside, so I shouldn't cold the house, and asked Hannah if she wanted to do something for the Christmas tree, and to my surprise she jumped at it. "Of course I will," said she. "When do you want it?"

"Why, any time before Christmas," said I. "Would you rather give money or presents?"

"I would rather give presents," said she. "If I have it ready the day before Christmas it will be time enough, won't it?"

"Plenty, if you have it down to the meeting-house by three o'clock," said I.

"Well, I will," said she, and I couldn't help staring at her. Her eyes shone, and she looked as bright and full of interest as a girl.

That night when I got home and told Caroline that Hannah Stone was going to give something to the Christmas tree, she just leaned back and laughed till she cried. "I guess she'll give some last year's potatoes," said she.

I confess I begun to think that Hannah would not give much when that happened about young Thomas Green. Young Thomas is our minister Thomas Green's son, and we always call him young Thomas to distinguish him from his father, though he is through college long ago, and settled in a parish of his own. At that time he

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was just in college, and had come home for the holidays, and he went with some other boys to get the Christmas tree. Hannah had a piece of woodland covered with a fine growth of young hemlocks, and the boys went straight there and cut one. They never asked permission. I don't suppose it entered their heads that any human being would grudge one of all those hemlocks for a Christmas tree. But they didn't know Hannah Stone. They were getting down the mountain slope in great style with the tree on the ox-sled, all the boys laughing and hurrahing, when out came Hannah to her gate.

"Where did you get that tree?" said she.

Billy Snow, who was driving—they were his father's oxen—shouted to them to stop, and young Thomas spoke up sort of bewildered.

"We got it in the woods just above here," said he, pulling off his cap.

"Them is my woods," said Hannah.

Then young Thomas and the other boys looked at one another.

"I don't let folks have my trees for nothin' unless I set out to give them," said Hannah.

"But this is for the Christmas tree down to the church," said young Thomas, as red as a beet.

"That don't make no difference," said Hannah.

"How much do you want for this tree?" said young Thomas.

"Two dollars," said Hannah.

Well, the boys clubbed together and paid it, then they started up the oxen and came home pretty mad, and in an hour the story was all over the village. After that Caroline and I didn't have as much stock in Hannah's doing for the Christmas tree, but, as I said when I begun, nobody can tell about anybody else till things get through happening to bring them out; and as they never do get through happening, it follows that nobody ever does know, though they may make a sudden jump ahead in knowledge, as we did with Hannah Stone.

Caroline and I worked very hard getting up that Christmas tree. We went to Boston once to buy things, but we bought mostly in Rye, the big town six miles from our village. Several times when we were coming home from Rye, we met Hannah all wrapped up in her sleigh, with a lot of bundles. Once she stopped and spoke to us, and asked how we were getting on with the Christmas tree, and then I spoke right out; I couldn't help it. "We are getting on very well, and no thanks to you, Hannah Stone," said I.

"What do you mean, Kate?" said Hannah.

"I mean," said I, "that if I had known what a mean woman you would grow up to be, a woman mean enough to grudge one tree out of a whole grove for Christmas, and make those poor boys pay for it, I would never have sat next to you when we went to school if I'd been whipped for refusing to; that's what I mean," said I.

Hannah she never said one word back, and I slapped the reins over our horse and we went on. Caroline said she didn't know but I was most too harsh to speak so to Hannah, but I said it was no more than she deserved.

Well, the day before Christmas came, and Caroline and I had been hard at work in the meeting-house ever since eight o'clock in the morning, and had just run home at three o'clock in the afternoon to get a cup of tea and a mouthful to eat.

All of a sudden Caroline, who was facing the window, cried out: "My sakes, just look!" said she. "Just look, Kate!"

Then I looked, and Caroline and I both jumped up and ran to the window, and there she was! There was Hannah Stone standing on her ox-team, driving, and there was the dummy man, all wrapped up in a buffalo coat which Hannah had bought for him on account of his consumption, holding on to a tree all set up in a butter firkin. And the tree was a splendid hemlock, as straight and evenly pointed as if a special gardener had tended it on purpose, and it was loaded down with presents. We could see the dolls dancing, and the

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oranges bobbing, and bright-covered books, and paper parcels of all kinds and shapes.

Caroline looked at me, and she was as white as a sheet. "Hannah Stone has brought a whole Christmas tree," said she, and she gasped, and I had to get her a glass of water, though I was pretty near as bad myself.

"You don't suppose she's crazy, do you?" said Caroline, sort of faint-like. "I never heard of any crazy folks among the Stones, did you?"

"No, I never did," said I.

All of a sudden Caroline broke down and begun to cry.

"What are you crying for?" said I.

"She won't have a single present herself," said Caroline. "Oh, dear!"

"She shall, too," said I. Then I went upstairs and I got out a real handsome hemstitched apron that I had never worn, and Caroline she found a real pretty box and put a new handkerchief—a real fine one—in it, and then we went over to the meeting-house, and I declare if all the women weren't studying what they could give to Hannah.

HANNAH HAD GIVEN EVERYBODY A PRESENT.

When that great Christmas tree had been carried into the meeting-house, the women there most had hysterics.

That evening we found out that Hannah had given everybody in the Sunday-school and every member of the church a present, and some of them were pretty substantial.

I went up to Hannah after the presents were all distributed, with my album in my hand. Caroline was behind me with her box of paper, and she was almost crying. "I want to thank you, and I want to ask you to forgive me for speaking to you the way I did about the Christmas tree the other day," said I.

Hannah looked at me with a curious kind of dignity, like one standing up for her principles, though she was smiling. "Givin' is givin', and sellin' is sellin'," said she.

She gazed down at her load of presents. She had, I guess, as many as a dozen white aprons, and more handkerchiefs, and a blue worsted fascinator, and a pretty tidy, and I don't know what all. "I never had a Christmas present before in my life," said she.

Then she looked up at me and her eyes were full of tears, and I could see the little-girl look in her face, as I remembered her at school, very strong, and I begun to think that maybe we had both been learning the same lessons in life in different ways.

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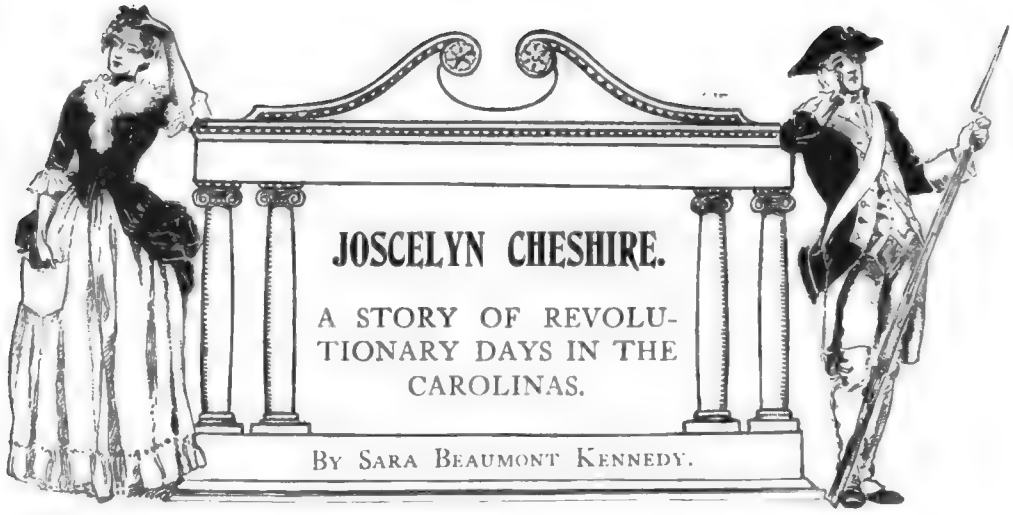

CHAPTER VII.

A DARE-DEVIL DEED.

"Thou fool, to thrust thy head into a noose."—Anon.

THE girl was leaning back with her hand over her eyes, evidently in deep thought.

"Ah, Captain," she said, as Richard paused, mistaking him for one of Mistress Hamlin's party from across the pavilion, "you have come to bear me company in Major Grant's absence?"

"With your permission," answered Richard gallantly, "and if Providence is kind to me, General Howe will find much to say to him."

"That is not likely, since the plans are all laid."

"Yes. The division marches to-night."

"So soon? I thought it was at ten in the morning?"

"No doubt, then, I was misinformed; I was not at the meeting with the couriers. If Major Grant said ten in the morning, then it must be so."

"I hoped it had been hurried up that it might the sooner be over."

"This French marquis is inclined to give us trouble and himself airs."

"Indeed, yes; but General Howe will have his revenge when, after this fight to-morrow, he sends the young upstart back to England in chains."

"That will he. It would be a glorious sight to see our gallant general capture him with his own hands."

"Oh, Major Grant will attend to that," she replied, loftily. "General Howe will do his share when he receives the prisoners at Chestnut Hill."

So Chestnut Hill road was to be their route. Richard mentally recorded it, while he said with incisive compliment: "Major Grant has the place of honor."

The pleasure in her voice when she answered told that the arrow had hit its mark. "Major Grant could have circumvented the rebels with half the five thousand men assigned to him."

"'Tis a large force for so skilful an officer, unless, indeed, the enemy should be very strong."

"Oh, I think they number not half that many."

Richard now knew all he had hoped to

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learn. Grant might return any moment, so that his peril was imminent; and yet the audacity of the adventure gave it such spice that he lingered unwilling, as he was unable to frame an excuse for withdrawing.

"Your company does not go with the attacking party?" she said presently, as though it were something they both knew positively.

"No," he replied, catching the cue, but wondering which company was supposedly his, and for whom she had taken him.

"Major Grant told me you would go as the general's escort to receive and guard the prisoners."

"That sounds very tame after his own share in the work. Major Grant was surely born under a lucky star to be so favored as he is by Mars and the little blind god of love." There was a tone in his voice that she could not fail to understand, and she laughed coyly in answer. He ought to go, he knew; but still he lingered, and presently, urged on by the spirit of recklessness that possessed him, he said: "You have relatives in the South, Mistress Singleton?"

"Yes. How did you happen to know?" She turned toward him so abruptly that he was for a moment disconcerted.

"Why, it is not a government secret," he said, laughing.

"But you are not from the South, you are English. How should you know, and why should you think of it just at this time?"

She had scarcely looked at him before, being too busy watching the door of the banquet hall for Grant's return; but she had now lifted her eyes directly to his face. Discovery seemed imminent. Cursing himself inwardly, he hastily put up his hand to smother a pretended cough, thankful that the light was behind him. But her scrutiny continued.

"Captain Barry—" she said, with that in her voice that told him she was not quite satisfied.

"At your service—would that I could say forever," he said, putting all the tenderness possible in his voice, and clicking his heels in a low salute. Was everything over with him? Fool that he was to have tempted fate by such an allusion.

She pushed her chair back as though to rise, but at this moment there was a stir about the lighted doorway across the sward, and Grant came out. If he reached the pavilion before Richard found an excuse to retire his neck would pay the forfeit of his daring. He was thinking hard and fast. The girl sank back with a sigh of pleasure, her doubt of her companion momentarily forgotten in the joy of her lover's return.

"Your superior officer," she laughed softly and proudly.

"Yes," he replied, with that audacity which, even in danger, could not be quelled; "my superior in the ways of Cupid as well as in the ways of war, since against him I have no chance to win a smile from your lips. You will have much to say to him in these last moments—and Mistress Hamlin is going."

"You need not leave us," she said with half-hearted politeness; but already Grant was at the foot of the steps, and, with an audacious kiss upon the hand she held out to him, Richard turned, and, with a beating heart but no seeming haste, fell into the rear of the company across the pavilion, descending the steps so close behind them as to seem, to an onlooker, to be a member of the party. Every moment was precious to him, and yet he loitered along the lighted sward as if eternity were his. As he reached the corner of the building he heard Grant call:

"Barry, Barry!"

But he pretended not to hear, and sauntered on into the shadow. There his pace quickened. No one stopped him, for his military cloak completely disguised him, and presently he found himself near the landing. In an empty boat-house he cast aside his borrowed garment, and soon found Dunn near the barge at the appointed place of meeting. The old scout listened to his adventure with amazement not unmixed with anger,

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"You might have spoiled the whole plan," he cried; yet acknowledging inwardly that he knew no one else who would have dared to thrust his neck so far within a noose. He himself had not been idle, and piecing together their bits of information, they made out that La Fayette had crossed the Schuylkill and taken a post of observation on a range of knobs known as Barren Hill, and that Howe's plan was to capture him as a brilliant close to a campaign that had been so much criticised. It became therefore instantly necessary to warn the marquis of the plot. The details Richard had gotten from the unsuspecting girl gave them all they needed to round out their plan; the one thing now was to escape and carry the information to La Fayette. This Richard found more difficult than he had imagined from their easy entrance; for they had no friendly carter and market maid beside them, and, despite the festivity, the pickets were keeping strict watch at the outposts. Finally, by creeping on their hands for half a mile behind a hedge, they managed to evade detection; but the sun was already high over the eastern horizon before they gained the banks of the Schuylkill. Keeping close to the stream and avoiding the open road they finally came upon a rowboat hidden among the reeds in a cove. This, without ceremony, they appropriated, and were soon making more rapid progress on their journey. For a long while nothing but the oars was heard; then suddenly Richard laughed aloud.

"Suppose that young gallant had come back for his cloak while I was talking with the girl?"

"You'd have had to content yourself with talking to the angels—or the imps—hereafter," growled Dunn.

But Richard laughed again. "Well, I'm glad he stayed away, for 'tis pleasanter entertaining beautiful girls. It will be great sport to say in my home letters that I, a private in the Continental army, was one of Mistress Singleton's attendants at General Howe's *fête!* Mary will get it all from Joscelyn and write it back to the lady, and she will then know who the supposed Barry was. Who is Barry, anyhow?"

"One of the finest of the young officers that wears the red—a soldier and a lady-killer, so they tell me." Long afterwards Richard recalled the words.

Presently Dunn, who had been looking intently ahead, said: "This is the place; yonder are the two dead oaks by which I always locate Matson's ford. We will tie up here and cut across country to the hills, trusting to luck to find the way to La Fayette. Grant's guides, knowing their road, give him the advantage, for I have never been sent to this part of the country, so am ignorant of my bearings. It must be near to noon, and the British column has long ago started."

"Will they guard this ford, do you think?"

"Hardly, for it is nearer to the English than to us. La Fayette will retreat as he came, by the one higher up."

"Will he fight first?"

"He may be forced to; otherwise, no. It would be folly to deliberately engage the superior force sent against him. If we only knew the direct path!"

"If we only had some breakfast," sighed Richard.

They wanted to ask their way at the scattered cottages and of the men at work in the fields, but they knew not friends from foes. Once they lay for an hour under a plum thicket, not venturing to move, while two men, who had met in the road, stopped their horses for a talk. The afternoon was beginning to wane when they came to a secluded farmhouse, where an old woman gave them something to eat, and, thinking they were Tories, warned them that a body of Americans was said to be camped three miles to the southwest. They thanked her, but once out of her sight they turned joyfully in the forbidden direction, and in less than an hour were called to halt by two men with bayonets.

"Take us to your general, and take us quick," said Dunn.

La Fayette recognized Dunn instantly,

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and received his news with much emotion, for he had hoped to strike a telling blow on some of the outposts, and maybe cut off a foraging party, whose members would be valuable prisoners for exchange. Now there was nothing but to turn back. But even as he was giving orders for a retreat over the road by which they had come, his scouts came flying into camp with the news that Grant was close upon them in the rear, having made a circuitous march in order to get between them and their camp. La Fayette set his teeth as he said:

"Then 'tis fight, though that means death to every brave man here."

But Dunn told of Matson's ford still unguarded, and the commander was quick to seize the one chance left to save his men, and before midnight the little band was safely over the river with their faces toward Valley Forge. There they were received with cheers by their comrades, who, having heard some wild rumors brought by two countrymen from beyond the Schuylkill, had feared the worst for them.

That night, long after Richard was sleeping the sleep of healthy but exhausted youth, Dunn sat in the officers' quarters and told how, with a military rain-coat over his workman's blouse, Richard Clevering had played the gallant to the beauty of Philadelphia and the *fiancée* of Howe's chief-of-staff.

CHAPTER VIII.

A MAID'S DREAM AND THE DEVIL'S WOOING.

"A pleasing land of drowsyhead it was:
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky."
—THOMPSON.

IT was June-time in the beautiful hill country along the Eno. Down the long road that sloped to the bridge from the west two horses took their leisurely way, while their riders talked or were silent at will. Below them, in the curve of the river, lay the town in a green summer dream; the roadside was lined with nodding blossom heads, and the thickets were a-rustle now and then with the subdued whir of wings, for the song season of their feathered tenants was done, and sparrow and wren and bluebird were busy with family cares.

"Joscelyn, you are not listening to a word I am saying," complained Mary Singleton petulantly, after repeating a question a second time and getting no answer.

"I beg your pardon, Mary; I believe you are right."

"Of what were you thinking so intently?"

"I was not thinking. It is too delicious this afternoon to do anything, even think. I am just resting my mind."

"Well, I find you very dull under such a process."

"'A friend should bear a friend's infirmity,'" quoted Joscelyn.

"Dulness is not an infirmity; it is a crime."

"Then methinks the world must be full of criminals."

"And those who are so intentionally and voluntarily should be punished like other wrong-doers."

Joscelyn laughed. "Well, pass sentence upon me, most wise judge, if you think I was not born that way and that the sin is intentional. Am I to hang for it, or will you be merciful and make it a prison offence?"

"Oh, you'll get the hanging soon enough if you go on wearing that red bodice and stringing pictures of King George on your balcony!"

"So mother says. And hanging is not a becoming way to die; one has no opportunity to say that 'prunes, prisms, and preserves' sentence that leaves the mouth in such a charming pucker. Well, since my lips are to be awry, I trust they will give me time to put on my new silver-buckled shoes. It would be a comfort to know that at least my feet looked their best."

"Joscelyn! You are perfectly horrid."

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"You mean I would be without the 'prunes and prisms' expression."

Mary struck her horse and rode forward a few yards, but presently fell back again beside her companion.

"What I asked you just now related to Eustace. Do you think——"

"I said I was not thinking."

"Well, begin at once. Is there any danger that Eustace will really try to marry Betty Clevering?"

"Danger is a wrong word, Mary. If Eustace is ever so fortunate as to win Betty, he should spend the rest of his life in thanksgiving. She is as true as steel, and better tempered than either of us."

"I am not disparaging Betty, and I have often wished our parents were not at outs, so that she and I might be better friends; we only meet at your house or places of entertainment. But, Joscelyn, you know—you must know what we all have hoped for you and Eustace."

Joscelyn turned her eyes fully and calmly upon her companion. "Yes, I know. I should have been even duller than you pronounced me just now not to see through your plan. Diplomacy is not your *forte*."

"You knew I—we all wanted you to marry——"

"Eustace? Yes; he and I have often laughed over it to each other. And now that you have mentioned it, I want to tell you frankly that there is not the faintest possibility of such a thing. As a friend Eustace is charming; but as a husband——"

"Don't! Your mouth looks as if you had bitten a green persimmon."

"Well, I think with Eustace as a husband life would be all green persimmons, without any prunes or prisms to break the monotony. It would be quite as bad on him as on me; you would make us both utterly miserable."

"I cannot believe it. I know Eustace looks at Betty with the utmost admiration and manages often to meet her; but 'tis much the same way with every pretty girl—he must be saying sweet things to them all. But in his heart I feel sure he prefers you above all the rest, only your indifference holds him aloof. Here is a letter I had this morning, in which he devotes a whole page to happy imaginings about a soldier's welcome home when the war shall be over. He grows really poetic about shy eyes and the joy of holding a white hand in his. Whom can he mean but you?"

"Betty has shy eyes, and Janet has the whitest hands I know anywhere. As you said, Eustace has a roving fancy."

Mary sighed. "I intended to read the letter to you, but here we are at the bridge, and we will now be meeting so many people."

"Give it to me, I will read it at home," Joscelyn said, stretching out her hand with sudden interest. "It would be preposterous to waste all that sentiment on a mere sister; it takes an outsider to appreciate touches like that. Oh, it shall be read with all the accessories of a grand passion—sighs, smiles, blushes, and such-like incense." She laughed as she tucked the letter into her belt, but she did not say who the reader would be, and Mary took much comfort in the thought that she would appropriate the sentimental parts to herself. Whose eyes were softer than Joscelyn's, whose hands whiter or sweeter to hold?

And so, each thinking her own thoughts, they crossed the wooden bridge that spanned the river, the horses' hoofs making a rhythmic clatter on the boards. In the street beyond they came upon Mistress Strudwick carrying an uncovered basket heaped high with hanks of yarn. The road was a slight ascent, and the corpulent dame was puffing sorely.

"Why, Mistress Strudwick, you with such a load as that? What does this mean?" cried Joscelyn.

"It means that that little darkey of mine has run away again, and that there'll be one less limb on my peach-tree to-night when he comes back."

"Will you not take my horse and ride?"

"It's been thirty years since I was in

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a saddle, and I'm not honing to wear a shroud."

Joscelyn leaned down, and, catching the handle, lifted the basket to the pommel of her saddle. "I will not see you make yourself ill in this way. Were there no other servants to spare you this exertion? You are all out of breath."

A curious light came into the old lady's eyes as she saw the girl steady the basket in front of her; but she checked the words that had sprung to her lips, and trudged slowly along, the riders holding back their horses to keep beside her.

"What have you two been plotting together this afternoon?" she asked, looking from one to the other with the pleasure age often finds in contemplating youth and beauty.

"Have we the appearance of dark conspirators?" laughed Joscelyn.

"Nay, you both look sweet and innocent enough; but somehow I'm always giving that Bible verse a twist and reading it: 'Where two or three Tories are gathered together, there is the devil in their midst.'"

"You should not twist your Scripture, Mistress Strudwick."

"Mayhap not, but sometimes it makes an uncommon good hit."

"Well, you have been wrong to-day. Two Loyalists have been congregated together; but Cupid, rather than the devil, has been our co-conspirator."

"So! It was sweethearts you were discussing? Tell me now, was it your match or Mary's you were arranging? There is nothing pleases me like a wedding."

"I thought you took no interest in matters concerning King George's subjects."

"King George has naught to do with the wooing of our maids, and love is love whether it be Redcoat or Continental," replied the old matchmaker.

Joscelyn laughed. "I verily believe you'd like to know the courtship of Satan himself, provided he had one."

"Mayhap, mayhap," puffed the old lady. "I haven't much of a prophet's eye; but I see things of to-day plain enough, and I know that you are a pair of uncommon pretty girls, and are like to have many a beau on your string; but when marrying time comes take an old woman's advice and choose a man who is hale and hearty, for as sure as you are born love flies out of the heart when indigestion enters the stomach."

"Truly, Mistress Strudwick, you are better than 'Poor Richard's Almanac,'" laughed Joscelyn.

"Oh, my dear, I've seen it tried. Courtship is the finest thing in the world, but after the wedding love is largely a question of good cooking; and although you two are rank Tories, and so deserve any punishment the fates might send you, still I'd be glad, because of your comely looks, to see you escape your deserts. But here we are at my gate. I wonder what the town will say, Joscelyn, when they hear that you, Tory that you call yourself, brought a basket of wool for Continental socks from Amanda Bryce's to my door."

The girl's face flamed with a sudden heat. Then she said with that beautiful courtesy that older folks found so charming:

"It was not for the Continentals, but for my good neighbor that I brought the basket. I am not minded to see her kill herself in so bad a cause; rather do I want her to live and repent of her mistakes, that she herself may not be the first to solve that riddle of the devil's wooing." And, kissing their hands jauntily to the old woman, the two girls rode away into the purple twilight.

"Bless her bonny face and quick tongue!" the old woman cried, waving her hand after them.

That night Mary cried herself to sleep over her shattered hopes, and in the privacy of a white-curtained room Joscelyn read aloud the letter to her whom Eustace had in mind when he thought of the welcome of shy eyes and clinging white hands. And Betty fell asleep with the letter under her cheek, and all the soft June night was filled with flitting cadences and starry dreams.

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CHAPTER IX.

ON MONMOUTH PLAIN.

"Wut's words to them whose faith and truth
On war's red techstone rang true metal;
Who ventered life and love and youth
For the great prize o' death in battle?"
—LOWELL.

AND it was June-time, too, in the far-off New Jersey country across which an army, glittering with scarlet and steel, took its way. Slowly it moved, for with it went a wagon-train conveying many of the refugees from the evacuated city of Philadelphia, people who could not crowd into the transports that went by sea, but who feared to meet the incoming Americans and so sought safety in New York. Children and delicately reared women slept in army tents, or sat in their coaches all day, listening to the crunching of the wheels in the sand and looking back through the slowly increasing distance to the horizon, behind which lay the deserted city where pleasure had held high carnival during the months just passed. And with them they carried everything that could be packed into coach or hidden in wagon; and though they went with the semblance of victory and almost of pleasure-seekers, it was a sad procession; for who could say when or upon what terms they might ever see their old homes again? Often Clinton looked back impatiently at the crawling train, for he had not liked to be so hampered, and yet had been quite as unwilling to abandon these people to the revenge they imagined awaited them.

Almost before they had lost sight of the spires of the city, Arnold, with braying bugles, marched his column down the echoing streets, and set up the standard of the republic where late the British lion had wooed the wind.

For nearly a week that long train crept on its way, held back by its own cumbersome weight and the varying roughness of the route. And ever on its flank hung the lean but resolute army of the Continentals, waiting and longing for a chance to strike. All the suffering of Valley Forge was to be avenged. Every wrong they had sustained was whispering at their ears and tugging at their memories; every dead comrade seemed calling out to them for retribution through the sunshine or the midnight silence. And it should be theirs; the utmost atonement that arms, nerved with patriotic and personal vengeance, could achieve, should be claimed —if only the hour would come. But still that long train moved onward, and there came no word to fight.

Then, from out the blue sky-reaches of that June-time dawned Monmouth day.

"We are to fight at last!"

And every man in that thin, dishevelled line felt his heart throb with the exultation of action long desired and long delayed. Every man but one, and he the one on whom rested the responsibility of the attack.

"Anybody but Lee!" Dunn had said with a groan, when he heard who was to lead the attacking column. And Richard, having gone with him to report some scouting work to the council of officers, and recalling Lee's fierce opposition to any plan for battle, groaned too.

"His envy of General Washington and his imprisonment among the British have made him half Tory. He is the senior officer, it is true, but if he had only persisted in his first refusal to lead the division and left it to La Fayette!"

But in Richard's thoughts there was no time for doubt when, in the brilliant light of the next morning, he swept with his column toward the scarlet line that marked Clinton's post. It was his first real battle, for compared with this the engagements under Sumter had been but skirmishes; and the frenzy of the fight was upon him. "For home and Joscelyn!" had been the war-cry he had set himself, thinking to carry into the hottest of every fray the memory-presence of the girl whom he loved. But when the test came she was forgotten, for after he had conquered a fleeting wish to turn and seek shelter from the blazing musketry ahead, a wild, unreasoning delirium seized upon him, and

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the one thought of which he was conscious was to kill, kill, kill!

To those blue-clad men, burning with the memory of their sufferings and their wrongs, it seemed as if nothing could stand before them; but British regulars were trained to meet such an advance, and the red line was as a wall of adamant. Between the attack and the repulse there seemed to Richard scarcely breathing time; for they were repulsed, and, fighting still, were driven back through that narrow defile, expecting every moment that Lee would send them succor so that they might again take up the offensive. But instead of reënforcements, there came that strange order to retreat. Retreat? had there not been some mistake? The officers looked at each other incredulously, suspiciously, half-inclined to disobey. Then full of rage and doubt they repeated the orders of the couriers, and the regiment fell back sullenly, clashing against other regiments who had not struck a blow, but to whom had also come that mysterious order to fall back. What was the matter, what was this paralyzing hand that had been laid upon them? No one could tell; but men retreated looking longingly over their shoulders at the enemy. Confusion grew almost into panic as those still further away saw the retiring columns pursued by the Redcoats, and knew not the cause nor what dire disaster had befallen.

Then suddenly upon the field there came the Achilles of the cause, and the rout was turned.

"The General—thank God!" the officers sobbed; and the men cheered as those who are drowning cheer a saving sail.

Richard was too far off to hear the fierce protest and rebuke heaped upon Lee, but in a few minutes an aide galloped up to his regiment and cried out to Wayne:

"General Washington says you and Ramsey are to hold the enemy in check here upon this hillside until he can re-form the rear."

And the blue line swung about and steadied—and met the English face to face; and Richard Clevering's battle-cry rang full and clear amid the yells that well-nigh drowned the roar of the musketry. Desperation had made the men invincible; again and again that red wave from the open space before surged against them, broke and recoiled and gathered again like some strong billow of the ocean that rolls itself against a headland—fierce, blind, futile.

Then came the climax of the splendid tragedy. Upon Wayne's right was a battery from which a great gun sent its deadly challenge to the foe. Again and again its whirring missives tore great gaps in the red ranks, until Clinton gave orders to silence it at any cost.

Careless of danger, unconscious of his impending doom, the gunner loaded his piece anew, and lifted the rammer to send the charge home. Behind him stood his wife, who had left the safety of the wagons to bring him water from a wayside ravine, for the sky was like copper and the dust blew in suffocating gusts. She saw the shifting of the enemy's gun, the turning of its deadly muzzle full upon the knoll where they stood. But there was no time for so much as a warning cry; for instantly the flame leaped out, and a groan went up from the Continentals as they saw the dust fly from the knoll and their own brave gunner swing sidewise and then fall dead. Two men sprang forward to take his place, but some one was before them—some one with the face of an avenging Nemesis. There was the flutter of a skirt, a woman's long black hair streamed backward on the wind, and Moll Pitcher stood in her husband's place like an aroused lioness of the jungle. Fury gave her the strength of a Boadicea, and the rammer, still warm from the dead man's grasp, went home with a single thrust; the flame flashed over the pan, and with a roar that shook the heavens the big gun sent back the death it had witnessed. When the smoke had lifted the breathless men saw the woman, one hand still upon the great black gun, stoop down and kiss the dead husband she had avenged—and all down the Continental line eyes were wet and throats were cracked and dry with cheering.

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All the rest of that fateful day, with the eyes of her dead love watching her staringly, Moll Pitcher held her place beside the gun, solacing her breaking heart with its flash and roar, holding back her woman's briny tears until the silent vigils of the night, when her mission was accomplished.

And in the meantime, in the rear, the voice of a single man, with its trumpet tones of inspiration, was bringing order out of chaos. Regiments were re-formed, scattered companies gathered, batteries turned, and defeat robbed of its surety. Men who a moment before had been panic-stricken with the confused marching and counter-marching of the day, looked into the face of the commander and felt their hearts beat with an answering calm. Confidence was restored, and the routed corps were turned into attacking columns. And so when that red wave broke for the last time against Wayne's and Ramsey's divisions on the hillside, reënforcements were close at hand.

But they came too late for some of the brave men who had saved liberty and honor that day, for the red wave, receding, took as its flotsam all the men in buff and blue who, in their enthusiasm and temerity, had advanced too far beyond the ranks.

And among these prisoners went he whose battle-cry had been, "For home and Joscelyn!"

CHAPTER X.

IN CLINTON'S TENTS.

"Give me liberty or give me death."
—PATRICK HENRY.

HATLESS, furious, half-blind from dust and the trickling of the blood from the wound in the head that had dazed and rendered him powerless to escape back to his own ranks after meeting the enemy, Richard was dragged along with the British until their position was regained, and thence despatched to the rear, where the other prisoners were held under guard. There he lay on the ground for an hour, listening and longing feverishly for the sound of Washington's assaulting guns; but the twilight deepened into starlit dusk, and no rescue came. Then finally he knew by the preparations about him that no further attack was expected, but that a retreat was intended. Clinton dared not await the return of daylight and the fight it would bring; and so in the still hours of the night, while the Continentals slept the sleep of utter exhaustion after the marches and counter-marches and combats of that sultry day, he drew his force away, leaving his dead unburied upon the field, and his sorely wounded in the deserted camp. To the very last moment Richard had listened for an attack, hoping that Washington had waited to plan a surprise; but over in the direction of the American camp all was silent. During the last half of that awful night Richard marched with the squad of prisoners along the road that led to the sea. The wound in his head, although but slight, made him dizzy with its throbbing, and his heart called out fiercely for freedom and Joscelyn. He had asked not to be put into the wagon with the wounded, protesting he was more able to walk than some others; but in reality he was meditating an escape, and knew it would be more easily accomplished from the ranks than from a guarded wagon. Eagerly he watched for a chance. The bonds that at first held the prisoners together had been removed to expedite the retreat—there was no time that night to spare for any kind of lagging—so that he was free to go alone if the opportunity came. Always his gaze was ahead, every shadow across the road held a possibility, every dark hollow was entered with hope. But the guard, as though divining his intention, closed in closely at these points and made egress impossible; and so he plodded on until, with the returning daylight, they found him reeling like a drunken man with fatigue and loss of blood, and, putting him into an ambulance, carried him on toward Sandy Hook. From utter weariness and hopelessness he fell asleep in the jolting vehicle, and only waked at the prod of

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RICHARD WAS DRAGGED ALONG WITH THE BRITISH UNTIL THEIR POSITION WAS REGAINED.

"*Joscelyn Cheshire*," page 42.

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a bayonet to find the sun well past the zenith.

"Get up with you and let somebody take your place while you foot it a bit," a rough voice said; and Richard sprang from the vehicle and helped little Billy Bryce, of his own town, into his place, exclaiming vehemently against his own selfish slumbering.

"Nay, nay," said the lad, "I am not wounded, more's the shame to me for being taken! Besides, I have had a long rest under the wagon here, for we halted before noon. I begged the guard not to waken you, but I put your rations aside. Here—you must be near to starvation."

Richard caught eagerly at the pork and ship biscuit which the lad held out; it seemed ages since he had tasted food.

"And you'll be better with your head washed," the guard said, not unkindly, pointing to a little stream that trickled by the roadside; and Richard was quick to obey.

In a little while they were in motion again, this time more leisurely, and once more thoughts of escape filled Richard with a restless energy. The country was more broken here; to hide would be easier, and he waited impatiently for the coming of the dark, determined at all hazards to make the attempt—another sunset might put him behind prison bars. But he was doomed to disappointment, for they were not to march all night, but with the early stars pitched their tents upon a flat stretch of country that opened to the east.

Worn out by the long marches and the cloying sand through which they had toiled, the army soon slept profoundly. Tied together for greater security, the prisoners lay like so many sardines in their tent before which trod a sentinel. At first there was much whispering among them as to their probable fate, and not a few solemn farewells to home and dear ones.

"I shall never see my mother any more, for I know I shall die in that dreadful prison; but you'll be good to me, won't you, Richard?" groaned little Billy Bryce, who lay next to Richard with his right hand tied to the latter's left.

And Richard comforted him as best he could, and by and by the lad slept with the others.

"I hope they will always let me stay with you," had been his last sleepy whisper. For among the bigger boys Richard had been his hero and protector, and no service was ever too great for him to undertake for his idol. And Richard had petted and yet imposed upon him in the way peculiar to all boys of a larger growth when a small one asks nothing better than to obey. It was really to be with Richard as much as to share in the war that he had stolen away from his mother and followed the Hillsboro' men to the field.

At last the tent was quiet save for the deep breathing of the tired men, but Richard could not close his eyes; he meant to get away. After the watch was changed toward midnight was the time he had set as the most favorable for his plan. All being then found secure, the new guard would be over-sure—and he, like the rest, was worn out with the trials of the past two days. Certainly that was the best time; a confident, tired sentinel ought not to be hard to elude. And he lay still, softly gnawing the rope that bound him to Billy. As he was at the end of the line his right arm was free, and so his fingers aided his teeth to pick the threads apart. Thus an hour went by, and then the lad beside him stirred.

"What are you doing, Richard?" he whispered; then added quickly, as his arm felt the loosened cord: "Why, you have bitten the rope in two. You are going to escape? Take me with you, in mercy's name, Richard; do not leave me to die in the prison yonder! Richard, let me go, too."

"H—sh!" whispered Richard sternly, for the boy's excitement was like to arouse the whole body of prisoners, perchance even alarm the guard outside. "Be still, Billy! I cannot take you—two could never pass the guard. I am sorry; I—I—wish you had not waked."

But the lad, whose arm was now free

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because of the final severance of the cord, caught his hand as with a drowning grip: "You must take me—you must!"

"I cannot."

"Oh, I will not go on to rot in that vile prison. I am so young, and my mother has nobody but me! Don't you know how I have always loved you, Richard? You never asked me to do anything that I was not ready to try it. I'd never leave you here if I were going to freedom —never."

To take him lessened his chances more than half, and heaven knew how slender they were already; but the struggle in Richard's mind lasted only a moment. Then he leaned over the boy's body and began carefully and quietly to untie the cord that bound him to the next sleeper, stopping now and then when the man made any movement. The lad, guessing his consent by his action, spoke no word, but lifted his head and kissed him on the cheek; and Richard felt the tears that coursed down the smooth face.

"You confounded young idiot!" he whispered, but his voice was very tender, and presently, when the knot was loosed, he drew the lad close to him and told his plan.

"God grant we may both of us get safely away; but if only one of us succeeds, and that should be I, then will I carry your love to your mother."

"And if I escape, I shall do the like for you."

"Ay, laddie, and more, for you shall say to Joscelyn Cheshire that even behind prison bars I am her lover; and if death comes, her face, or the blessed memory of it, will outshine those of the angels of Paradise."

"You love her so, then?"

"As a man loves sunshine and warmth and beauty and life."

"And she loves you?"

"No, lad, she loves me not."

And the boy left the silence that followed unbroken, knowing the other wished it so.

A while later they heard the call of the watch farther down the beat, and presently the sound of steps outside and the welcome "All's well!" of the relieved sentry. Turning upon their backs with the ravelled ends of the cords hidden close between them, they seemed asleep like their comrades when the watchman cast the light of his lantern through the flapping canvas door.

"Too d—n tired to give any trouble," the outgoing sentinel said as he glanced along the line. Then he went away, and the two watchers in the tent waited for what seemed an eternity. Finally Richard lifted the edge of the tent and looked out. The sentinel leaned against a small tree, his gun held slack in his fingers. He was very tired.

"Now," Richard whispered, and crawled stealthily from under the tent, followed by Billy. Keeping in the shadow of the tents, they moved on hands and knees across the ground toward a clump of bushes that promised a hiding-place for reconnoitring. Only twenty yards the stretch was, but to those two crawling figures it seemed a mile. Every weed that swayed against its fellow had in it the sound of a rushing wind, and every twig that broke under hands or knees seemed like the crack of a rifle. To their overwrought senses each breath the other drew was as the sough of a tempest, and they scarcely understood how the sentry could not hear. So slowly they had to move that it took fully twenty minutes to cover those few yards. Then, while Billy lay still in the shadow, Richard raised himself stealthily and looked about. They could have happened upon no worse place for their attempt. It was near the end of a short beat up and down which two sentinels trod, passing each other near this end so that only a few moments intervened when one or the other did not command the whole beat with his eye and gun. Behind and on either side stretched the tents of the sleeping army, set thick with picket posts and guards. Across the narrow road was a rock large enough to conceal a man, and beyond this was a field of high grass, to gain which meant freedom. Not a detail of the starlit scene

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escaped Richard. To go backward or to the right or left was to fall into repeated dangers; this was the way since they were here. If only the sentries passed each other in the middle of the beat, that there might be more time when this crossing in front of them would be a little longer unguarded!

He stood irresolute, trying to think accurately; but a noise behind left him no time for further hesitation. Something was amiss yonder in the rear, perhaps their flight had been discovered. Billy, too, had heard, and rising, stood close behind; softly he put out his hand and drew the lad before him. One agile spring across the road, a moment's hiding in the shadow of the rock yonder, then the tall grass and liberty; but between the passing of the sentinels was time for only one man to cross to safety—only one man could hide yonder behind that rock! The little lad saw it, and his lips twitched.

"Good-by," he whispered, trying to move back.

But Richard held him fast. In his hands was not the semblance of a tremor, but his face was ashen even in the dim light.

"Remember Joscelyn," he breathed, rather than spoke; then, as the guard passed, he gave the lad a push. "Go."

With a stealthy, gliding step Billy was across the road and behind the rock as Richard dropped to the ground and the guard turned round. Evidently the man's trained ear had detected some sound, for he paused and brought his gun to his shoulder. Richard's eyes were on the rock over the road; if Billy moved now they were both lost; but all was still, and the guard once more took up his march. When he had gone a few paces Richard saw a dark object crawl from the shadow of the rock, and a moment later the tall grass shook as if a gentle zephyr had smitten it in just one favored spot; then all was silent and moveless save the crickets and the night birds flapping past in the gloom.

Billy had left the way clear, and when the next sentinel should be at the right place Richard meant to follow, and so he drew a deep breath and waited. But fortune was against him, for before the man was quite opposite to him another guard came out into the road from the camp behind and accosted him. As they approached Richard heard in part what they said:

"—couriers just arrived—enemy moving on the Brunswick road, supposed intention to outflank us. All outside pickets are being doubled to prevent desertion, and I am sent to mount guard here at the end of your beat. Two Hessians were caught in the act of deserting just now."

"I heard some kind of commotion."

"Yes; 'twill go pretty hard with them to-morrow. When we first took them we thought they were a couple of those prisoners who were trying to escape, and the air fairly smelt of the brimstone we were ready to give them. The light came just in time to save them. Those Hessians are a damned set of hirelings."

He stooped to adjust his shoe-latchet, and when the regular guard passed on to the end of his beat Richard dropped down quickly, but with an inward groan, for with that man stationed there at the end of the track escape was impossible. There had been but one chance, just one, and he had given that away. He would not regret it, but—he should never see Joscelyn again. It was all he could do to keep back the fierce cry that gathered in his throat. For a long time he crouched there, hoping in the face of despair; but the dawn was coming—if he was found thus his punishment would be made the greater. There was no use in courting torture. And so, when a passing cloud obscured the stars, he crawled back across the clearing, and crept at last under the edge of the tent.

"Here, Peter," he whispered in the ear of the next man, "Billy has escaped. I failed; but 'tis no use to tempt the devil to double my stripes. Wake up and tie this cord about my left arm that it may seem as if he gnawed it himself until it was loose."

And in the morning the guard found

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him asleep with a bit of ravelled rope about his arm. Search and inquiry failed to reveal anything of Billy's escape or his whereabouts, and the incident, so far as the prisoners were concerned, ended in a volley of oaths and threats delivered to them second-hand by the guards from the officer of the day. They were not pleasant words to hear; but Richard only drew a deep breath, for he had feared Billy would linger waiting for him and so be taken.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM CAMP TO PRISON.

"My day is closed! the gloom of night is come!
A hopeless darkness settles o'er my fate."
—JOANNA BAILLIE.

MANY times during the day's march did Richard turn his eyes wistfully toward the blue hills to the south, and wonder beyond which of them Billy was speeding to rejoin his command. The thought had in it such an element of bitterness that finally he thrust it from him lest it wax into selfish envy.

Finally they reached their goal, and the vast body of men and animals halted beside the bay whose waters sparkled under the blue and gold tones of the summer sky. In the offing lay the English fleet, which by the happiest chance for Clinton had arrived inside the Hook in time to convey his exhausted army to New York.

The quick, salt wind whipping Richard in the face, gave him a sense of vigor and reserve strength, which was speedily nipped by a chilling realization of his hopeless captivity. Mechanically he ate and drank when the guard bade him, for the prison bars were now inevitable, and he would lie rusting his heart and his manhood out while the fight went by outside. In an agony of despair he cursed the impetuous daring that had led him so far in advance of his column as to deliver him into the hands of the enemy. And he cursed both the moonlight that had flooded the road the first night of their march and the guard whose lynx eyes seemed ever upon him; and, finally, he cursed himself more sorely than aught else because he had not followed Billy at all hazards and let a bullet end the problem forever.

But life is sweet to youth, and hope finds ever a place in the heart that is full of an unsatisfied love; and so by the time he had finished his spare meal he was ready to look at the future with more calmness. Outside in the free world Joscelyn would wait for him, and prison doors must sometimes yawn. The soldier who brought him his supper stayed for a few minutes to talk. He had a frank, friendly face that Richard liked.

"So we gave your sly general the slip, after all, and held to our march as we at first intended."

"Did Clinton originally and intentionally propose to make a night march at almost double-quick over such roads as we have traversed? Damned queer military tactics."

The fellow grinned. "Oh, a little change of programme mattered not, so we lost not a single wagon of our train. See, they are yonder as safe as a ship in port."

"Mayhap; but you saved your skins whole by stealing away from Monmouth like a thief in the night, and, leaving the foe you pretended to despise, camped on the battle ground."

"Oh, we begrudge not you fellows a camping ground—we are not that greedy."

"No; you wanted them, in fact, to have all the ground in the vicinity, even if you had to be so unselfish as to march all night to leave it to them."

"Come, your tongue's too sharp," the fellow said, irritably.

"Sharper than your general's wits if he took that night march out of anything but necessity. He has saved his baggage train, but, mark you, he has lost his cause. Our victory at Monmouth will hearten up the doubtful and send them flocking to our camp."

The man laughed satirically at the word "victory," and then said:

"Well, at all events, your part of the flocking is done for good. 'Tis not likely you'll see the outside of a prison for more

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months than you are years old—if by any chance your general hangs on that long, which is not likely."

Richard shivered at mention of a prison, but shrugged his shoulders with outward calm. "A man must bear the fortunes of war if he be a true soldier. Prison life is harder than fighting, but some must carry the heavy end of the burden, and 'tis not for me to bemoan if it falls to me. Know you in which of your pest-holes we are like to be confined?"

The soldier looked into the clear, steady eyes for a moment before replying: "You're a rum chap to take your medicine without a whine. I like your sort, and I hope, when this cursed war is done, you'll be found alive; but it isn't likely, for methinks you are to go to the old Sugar House in New York. 'Tis as full as an ant-hill now, but they'll shove the poor devils a bit closer together and squeeze you in. You'll have plenty of time, but not much room, to meditate on your evil doings against King George. Still, I hope you'll live through it."

He picked up the empty can out of which the prisoner had been drinking and moved on. Richard, who had been sitting upright during the conversation, sank back upon the ground and pulled his cap over his eyes. The old Sugar House! Too well he knew of the misery and degradation in store for those who crossed its threshold. No escapes were ever effected, and the hope of exchange, unless one were an officer, was too slim to dwell upon; Washington's captures went for higher game than privates and raw recruits. But two things could open those relentless gates to him—death or the end of the struggle; and the latter seemed far enough away.

And Joscelyn! would she care that he suffered and died by inches? would she think of him regretfully, tenderly, when all was done? It was hard to love a girl of whose very sympathy one was not sure; and yet he knew he had rather have her mockery than another woman's caresses.

For an hour he lay upon the ground, his heart convulsed with grief, but his body so rigidly quiet that his companions thought he slept. They could not tell that under his cap his eyes were staring wide. By and by the intense heat of the evening set the wound in his head to throbbing, and, rousing up, he begged the corporal of the guard for a little water and a bandage. The man—the same with whom he had talked before—brought these to him after a little delay, and found for him in his own kit a bit of healing salve, which his English mother had given him at parting.

"She said 'twould cure bad blood, and methinks yours is bad enough to put it to the test," he said laughing, and yet with a certain rough kindliness.

"Well, since it hath not killed you, methinks I am safe," Richard laughed back gratefully, while one of his comrades dressed the wound, which gave promise of speedy healing.

"What is your name?" he asked of the corporal.

"James Colborn, of the King's Artillery."

"Well, 'tis a pity you are in such bad employ, for you have an uncommon good heart and a face that matches it. When General Washington hath licked the boots off you fellows, come down South and pay me a visit. My mother'll be so grateful for every kind word you have spoken to me, that she'll feed you on good cookery until you are as fat as a Michaelmas goose."

"I'll come," the other laughed, "but I'll wear my boots; it will be you fellows who will go barefooted from a licking."

"Don't wager your birthright on that; you'd lose even the mess of pottage."

Under the relief the dressing of his wound afforded Richard fell asleep, and his dreams must have been comforting, for on his face was a smile of happiness, and the words he murmured made the corporal of the guard laugh to himself as he trod to and fro before the open tent.

"Have you a favorite dog named Joscelyn?" he asked teasingly, when he roused Richard for his supper.

"No."

"A horse, then?"

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Richard looked at him questioningly, half-inclined to be angry.

"You have been talking in your sleep."

"Joscelyn is not a dog nor a horse; she is my sweetheart."

"Mine's named Margie."

There was a moment of silence during which the two young fellows felt almost akin with friendly sympathy. They longed to shake hands and tell each other their love tales.

"Margie's eyes are black," said Colborn softly.

"Joscelyn has sea-blue eyes."

"I like black ones better."

"I'd love Joscelyn's eyes were they as vari-colored as Joseph's coat."

"Well said." The speaker thrust his hand into his shirt and drew out a metal case which contained a picture of a buxom English girl. "It took a whole month's pay to have that made, but I wasn't coming to America without bringing a likeness of her to look at. When I am promoted to a captaincy I shall have it set in gold and brilliants. She is counting the months until I go back to her," he continued with a burst of confidence, while his honest face flamed with a boyish blush. "For every week I am away she drops a pebble into a china jar I gave her, that I may count the kisses she shall owe me when we meet. Never you doubt but I shall cheat in the count, though I have to carry back a pocketful of American pebbles to help me out!" Then, by way of prelude to that coming happiness, he kissed the picture with eager frankness before returning it to the case, saying there were already twelve pebbles in the jar.

Many times during the few days when the army lay encamped upon the sandy reaches of the Hook, did Richard have occasion to be grateful to the young corporal for little acts of kindness, and in return he told him something of his own life, so that a curious friendship was formed between the two; and when the embarkation finally came, Richard was glad to find that the same guard and officers would have the prisoners in charge until the dreaded doors of the jail should close upon them.

As they marched clankily down the streets of New York, he believed that now he knew how condemned men felt as they approached the gallows, only the gallows seemed better than those frowning walls yonder, at whose narrow windows the miserable inmates stood in relays that each might draw a few good breaths during the long and suffocating day. The old Sugar House! He set his teeth hard when at last they stood before its doors, and the first squad of prisoners passed out of sight within its gloomy portals. He was telling the sunshine and the clouds good-by before his turn to enter should come, when, to his surprise, the doors swung to, and the squad in which he marched was wheeled down another street. After a few minutes he caught Colborn's eye, and read therein tidings of some new disaster. Whither were they carrying him and his unfortunate companions? No faintest hint of their destination came to him, until, the city being crossed, they halted again, this time beside the water's edge far to the east. As some delay was evident, the corporal bade the prisoners sit down upon the shore; and while his men formed in the rear to watch, he himself passed slowly up and down the water's edge, stopping at last beside Richard, who sat at the end of the line of captives as much to himself as possible, for his heart was heavy with a new foreboding.

"In ten minutes," said the corporal, speaking quickly and in an undertone, "I shall have parted with you, perhaps forever. I know you for a brave man and a generous one, and I am sorry for your fate. The plan has been changed. The Sugar House would not hold all of you; so, for lack of other accommodations, this squad of prisoners is ordered to——"

"Where?"

"—to the prison ships lying across the bay."

Richard staggered up. "The hells, the floating hells!"

"Yes, that is what they are sometimes called."

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"My God!" For a moment the fortitude that had sustained him during the last ten days gave way, and he sank down again, covering his face with his hands in a dry-eyed anguish.

"I wish from my soul I might have helped you, but this is all I can do," the corporal said. "Pick them up as a gift from a brother in arms." He surreptitiously dropped some coins upon the sand, and Richard, more because of the friendliness of the gift than because he thought of their value, ran his fingers through the sand and picked them up, shoving them into a torn place in the lining of his boot.

"You have been good to me—" he began slowly, and with the look of a man who is talking unconsciously; but with an impatient shrug the other had moved away. When he had walked the length of the line and stood looking over the water a minute, he came again to Richard's side, apparently with no special object in view. His voice was very low as he said:

"True soldiers respect each other, no matter what the color of their uniforms. I guessed—but I want to know for certain—did you let the little lad escape the other night rather than go by yourself and leave him?"

Richard nodded. Colborn took off his hat. Those who watched him from the sand and from the picket line thought he but bared his head to the cool sea breeze, but in truth it was to a brave man's self-sacrifice. A Scripture verse was running in his head: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he give his life for his friend." But he did not speak it, for a boat grating on the sand behind made him turn.

"The ship's warden to receive you," he said, with a quick-drawn breath. "God help you." Then aloud: "Attention!"

The prisoners arose and lined up as the boat's crew came ashore. The warden conferred a few minutes with the corporal, went over the list of prisoners, counted them carefully, eying each one sternly as he did so; then turned again to the corporal, who, after another short conference, stepped out before the line of prisoners.

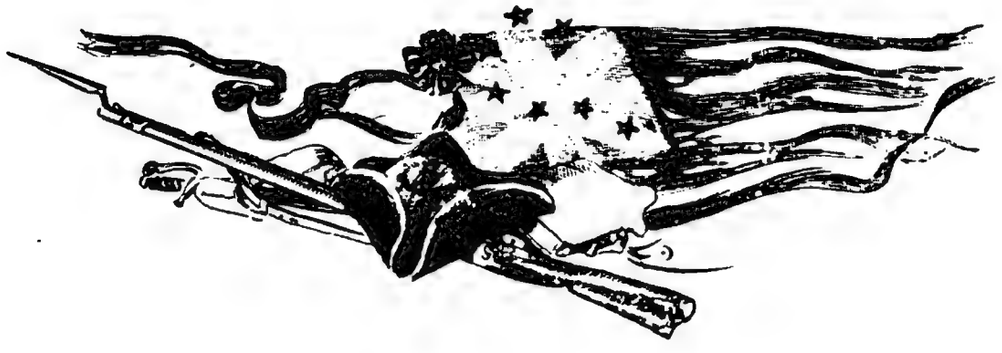
"Attention! My care of you ends here. The warden of the prison ships will henceforth have you in charge." At a signal his men fell back, and the crew from the ship's long-boat took their places; the two officers saluted, and the corporal stepped aside.

"Attention! Forward! March!" the warden shouted, pointing with his sword to the boat; and the handful of dazed and miserable captives, like so many automatons, caught step and sullenly moved to the water. As Richard, who brought up the rear, passed Colborn, the latter whispered:

"Your Joscelyn shall know," and Richard's eyes spoke his thanks.

Then the boat drew away from shore, carrying its freight of helpless despair to the plague-infected hulk rocking in the tide, the plaything of the winds, the sport of every leaping wave that cast its crystal fringes to the sun.

(To be continued.)



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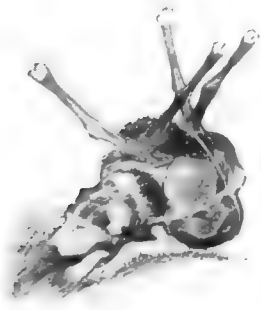
A FINE SPECIMEN OF *OVIS STONEI*.
(Discovered by the author.)

After New Game in the Arctic.

By Andrew J. Stone.

[One remarkable experience of Mr. Stone's has already been narrated in our December issue. This tells of his discovery of a new species of caribou and of other big-game hunting in the Far North.]



MY DOG ZILLAH, TIRED OUT AFTER CARRYING A TWENTY-POUND LOAD TEN MILES.

About the 1st of September, 1897, I left Dease Lake, in the Northwest Territory, and started with two companions—a white boy and an Indian—for the Cassiar Mountains after caribou. After four days of difficult travel we pitched camp. On the morning of the fifth day, we suddenly walked out in plain view of a small herd of caribou lying in the snow about six hundred yards away. We at once dropped full length on the ground. Occasionally they glanced in our direction, but not until I was stiff with the cold did the females and young finally move up and away over a high point, leaving three bulls between them and us to intercept our fire. At length the largest of these bulls got up, and, staring for a moment in our direction, suddenly started to run, followed by the other two. They did not, however, follow the cows, but swung off in single file to the right, at a sweep-

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A BIG MOUNTAIN CARIBOU.

(*Rangifer Montanus*—a new species discovered by the author.)

ing trot. All carried their heads lower than their bodies, with noses forward, their antlers erect, and supported in each case by a strong neck, from which hung a beautiful, long, silvery beard. The frame was rigid, proud, majestic, and almost defiant; but the animals, although large and full of energy and power, were too well fed to be graceful.

Suddenly, just before turning the ridge, the leader stopped, faced about in our direction, and as suddenly wheeled back and continued as before. The other two repeated his action in the same place, when they, too, passed behind the ridge and out of sight. In an instant I was up and after them. I reached the top of the ridge just in time to see the Indian, who had outrun me, fire at one of the bulls; it fell.

MR. STONE'S FIRST SPECIMEN OF *RANGIFER MONTANUS*, AND THE INDIAN WITH WHOM HE RACED.

BRINGING IN SKIN AND HEAD OF LARGE MALE CARIBOU.

The other two passed at full speed along the ridge above us, crossing our path at right angles two hundred yards away. Instantly I fired at the neck of the leader, and at the report the two animals wheeled to the left, recrossed the ridge, and started down hill. I was up far enough to see the leader stumble, fall, and slide down the slope, as I

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SEPTEMBER IN THE CASSIAR MOUNTAINS.

afterward found—dead. This alarmed the third bull, which then turned again and skirted the hill to the left. I fired a long-range, running shot. The bull wheeled about with his right side toward me; I fired again, and the animal fell on all fours, slid forward through the snow, and lay with his feet under the body and his head resting on the ground. As he fell I photographed him. These proved to be the first specimens ever procured of this species of mountain caribou.

The next morning I sent my white boy and Indian to bring the game back to camp.

When night came a heavy fog hung over the mountains, there was no moon, and the men had not yet returned with the skins. I prepared supper and waited for them two or three hours. Finally, thinking they might be lost, I fired three shots as a signal; instantly there arose the most awful screams followed by excited voices, and then by a succession of wild, uncanny shrieks. I stood motionless in the faint light of my camp-fire awaiting developments. Suddenly, out of the darkness, two Indians came running up to me, waving their knives and crying, "You kill Klootchman! You kill Klootchman!" Although badly frightened, I

A WINTER SCENE NEAR THE MOUTH OF BLACK RIVER.

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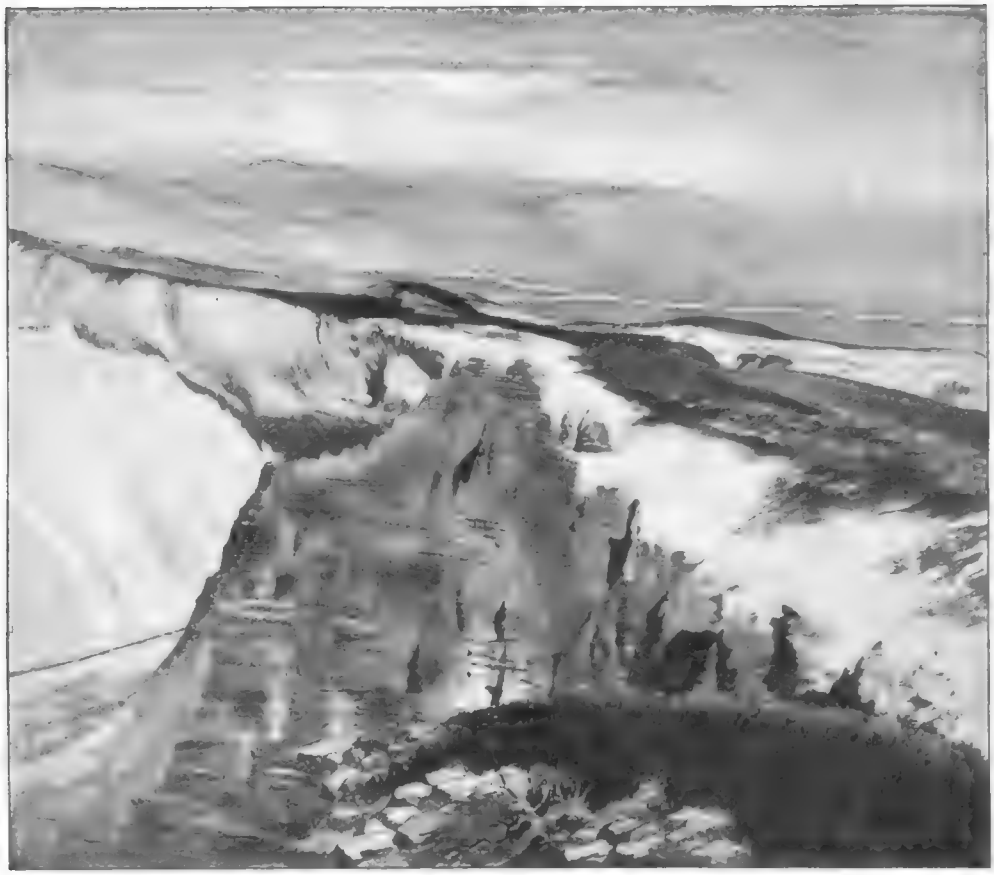

SHEEP COUNTRY.

The Rocky Mountains near where the Arctic Circle crosses them.

tried not to show it, and stood leaning on my rifle, motioning them to stop where they were. When they had calmed down a little I learned that the woman, who was still screaming, belonged to one of the three Indian families camped near me, and that she had been thrown into hysterics by the report of my rifle. The Indians lectured me on the white man's carelessness, and declared the woman would die. I thought not, but to do what I could to pacify her, I sent her the only bottle of liniment I had with me. "One-eyed Charlie," the husband of the woman, "made medicine" over his wife by beating a tom-tom, singing a weird chant, and drinking the liniment. He then came back and deposited the tom-tom and whole medicine outfit in my camp.

By this time my men had returned with the skins, and a few days later "One-eyed Charlie," marching ahead of his wife, moved her and his entire camp outfit farther into the mountains.

Later I succeeded in procuring other specimens of the caribou. After they had been brought to camp the Indians demanded a royalty of twenty dollars a head for the animals I had killed, which, of course, I refused to pay.

These beautiful animals, known as *Rangifer montanus*, are almost as large as the elk; they are proud, stately, with magnificent antlers, and their coats are dark, rich, and glossy, shading to silver on the neck. They are fearless, agile, and sure-footed, even on the most perilous summits and in the face of raging storms.

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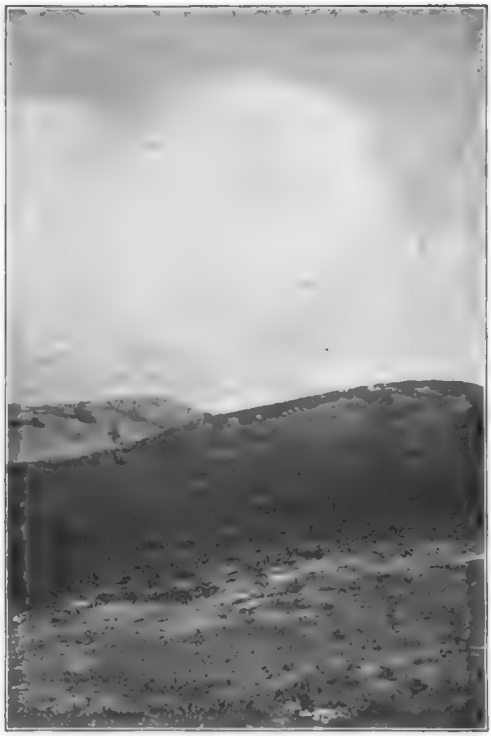
They are very difficult to approach. Their flesh makes good food, and their skins and sinews are worth preserving for clothes and threads. They dig their food with their hoofs from beneath the snow.

After our return from the caribou region, by the 1st of December, our cabins had been made comfortable and plenty of wood gathered for the winter; but I could not bear to settle down to a monotonous indoor life. Moreover, there was no fresh meat in the post, and I was anxious to get some moose specimens.

The country up Black River was decided upon as the best region to hunt for moose, so I at once fitted out two dog-sleds, and with three companions—this time one white man and two Indian boys—I started up the river.

On one of the sleds we placed flour, bacon, rice, tea, and food for the dogs; on the other, blankets, a canvas fly, rifles, and a camera. Deep, soft snow, and water overflowing the ice, compelled us to work our way slowly, often chopping through miles of ice jams to make a road for our sleds. On the immediate river-banks narrow, level stretches, upon which grew clusters of large spruce trees, protected our camps from the winds and always furnished plenty of wood.



A STORM APPROACHING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

MR. STONE'S CAMP IN THE MOUNTAINS.

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A SPLENDID RAM (*Ovis Dalli*).

Several days were occupied in reaching the foothills of the Walker Mountains, about seventy-five miles up the river.

Finally we pitched camp in a little belt of pines that skirted the river-bank. Looking up the river, the white, sharp ridges of the mountains rose high above the timber growth, while the hills on either side ascended from two to three thousand feet above the river. They were more or less overgrown with small spruce, black pine, poplar, alder, and willow. About all this the snow lay deep; yet it was impossible to wear our snowshoes, so thick was the fallen timber.

Everywhere moose-tracks, fairly fresh, could be found, and Mr. Simpson (my companion) and I would follow them up day after day until dark, but without success. One night we nearly lost our bearings, the fog was so dense. Brush would strike us in the face, dead limbs and snags tore our clothing, and we were continually falling over logs and into holes. In one instance Mr. Simpson fell fully twenty feet into a ditch, and I on top of him. As we made the long descent of the steep hills our feet would often slip from under us, and we would dash down fifty yards or more, until forcibly stopped by a tree

BRINGING SPECIMENS DOWN OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS.

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A PAIR OF SHEEP AMONG THE STUNTED SPRUCES.

or a bush. When we reached camp at one o'clock that night we were, indeed, two forlorn-looking hunters.

Many times during these expeditions I climbed to the top of high trees on the lookout for moose, but while I saw tracks in plenty no moose appeared.

We returned to our cabin empty-handed, but just in time to enjoy the luxuries of cabin life during the holidays.

For six months now I was busy with my explorations along the Mackenzie River, but in July, 1898, the hunting fever seized me once more, so I started out into the Rocky Mountains, this time after wild mountain sheep.

A white boy and two Indians were my companions, our outfit consisting of seventy pounds of salt for preserving skins, necessary blankets, guns, and ammunition, a camera, and thirty-six pounds of food. My pack, one of the smallest of the four, weighed about forty-five pounds.

For two days after leaving the river we pushed on through a dreary, monotonous wilderness of swamp-land, tangled brush, and mire; everywhere the ground was covered by a layer, from twelve to twenty-four inches thick, of wet, spongy moss. Sometimes underneath this would be found a soft vegetable mould, into which we often sank waist-deep. Nowhere was the footing secure. Moreover, the mosquitoes were intolerable.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of the second day we reached the Carcajou River. Before us lay a vast expanse of sand and gravel, glistening in the sunlight; beyond rose the mountains; to the left was the deep cañon whence flowed the Carcajou, and back of us stretched the fifty miles of muskeg we had just crossed. Between the river and the mountains there is a stretch of sand and gravel about a mile in width. When the melting snows swell the river in the spring, it covers all of this space; now its width was between two and three hundred yards. In one place the stream was divided by small islands into three channels. We at once stripped off our clothes, tied them on top of our packs, and, all taking hold of a pole, waded the stream abreast, so breaking the force of the rapid current.

We pitched camp on a little narrow beach between the river and the foot of

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WINTER ON BLACK RIVER.

the mountain. While supper was being prepared I sat resting, scanning the cliffs that rose abruptly from two to three thousand feet above the river. Suddenly I saw something white moving on the summit of the cañon walls. The glasses proved it to be an animal of some sort, evidently a sheep. Presently another object appeared, then another—five in all. I called the men. They came to look, but soon returned to the fire, where the bacon was frying. I was assured, however, that I had had my first glimpse of the wild sheep of the Rockies.

That night we did not pursue the game. But early the next morning, having, after breakfast, only eight pounds of food left, we began the climb into the mountains, and about four in the afternoon pitched our tent in what promised to be good hunting country. That night, however, after searching the neighboring hills for several hours, we returned to the camp empty-handed. At two we were up again, and after a breakfast of tea once more started out.

Just before noon we "jumped" three young rams. I fired two shots at the first two without effect. When the third appeared I missed again. These shots were fired at long range. My next shot sent one of the animals to earth just as it was wheeling to run. I ran toward it in all possible haste. As I approached, it floundered, first in one direction, then in another, until, finally, nearing in its struggles the edge of the cañon wall, it plunged over. When I reached the spot I saw it at the bottom of the cañon, three hundred feet below. After spending some time in an effort to reach the sheep, by lowering one of the Indians over the cliff, we were finally obliged to abandon the attempt.

We had now passed thirty hours without food, and were, in consequence, exhausted. Moreover, there was but one way of obtaining it. So we started across the mountains to a high ridge about five miles distant, where we thought game might be found. It was a long and arduous climb. We had nearly reached the crest of the ridge, when three large rams ran out from behind some rocks a short distance ahead of us. They disappeared so quickly behind another ridge that I had no time for a shot; but, forgetting for the moment my exhaustion and hunger, away I went in pursuit.

Cleary, one of the Indians, dropped behind; Johnnie, my white boy, made no effort to keep up; so the pursuit lay between Donald, the other Indian, and myself, with Donald in the lead. He carried an old-fashioned double-barrelled

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smooth-bore. I had often heard that these Hudson Bay Indians, of whom Donald was one, could fire these guns and reload them while running; and seriously in need of game as we were, the thought came to me with much interest that I should now have the opportunity of seeing this done.

Try as I might, I could not keep up with Donald over the sharp stones, and he fired several shots at the fleeing animals, when I could not even see them over the turn of the hill. After each shot he would continue to run, holding the gun in his left hand and pouring in the powder with his right, from an old-fashioned powder-horn. He carried the lead balls in his mouth, and dropped them on top of the powder, without patching or wadding of any kind; the only ramming down was effected by giving the gun a jar with the right hand, and then on went the caps.

I finally came up with him just after I had seen him fire both barrels, pointing the gun down-hill. Whether or not the balls rolled out of the barrels before he fired I don't know, but I do know that he failed to make a hit. I had not had sight of the animals for some time, until Donald, running along the crest of the ridge, pointed them out to me. They were now fully three hundred yards below us on the face of the slide, going down at a course diagonal to ours. It was a most difficult shot, but this was my last and only chance. The country between them and myself forbade any attempt at following, and they were rapidly increasing the distance between us. These thoughts passed quickly through my mind. I raised my rifle and fired. A shout of delight went up as I saw one of the animals fall. Upon examination I found that the bullet had struck the animal in the right thigh, whence it passed through the entire length of the animal's body, coming out at the left shoulder. Owing to the steep slide, we skinned the sheep with difficulty, and with greater difficulty still climbed back to the top with it. Rain began to fall. Camp was a long way off, but fuel and a frying-pan were there, so we hurried on.

We had now been forty-two hours without food; once in camp, therefore, the hour was late before the frying-pan was finally allowed to cool.

When we were ready to return to the Mackenzie we made the skins into packs and carried them to the Carcajou River. There I discovered that the recent rains in the mountains had swollen the river until it was now a half-mile wide. To cross it on a raft was out of the question. The drill fly of my tent was waterproof. I told the Indians to bring some poles—"All the same, going to make skin boat." We bent these into shape and tied them with strings. Then I spread out the drill, gathered it over the frame, tied the ends, and our boat was ready. We put it in the water, placed our traps inside, and with sticks for paddles crossed the stream. I thought every minute the light drill would burst, but it did not, and in two hours from the time I sent for the poles, we were ready to resume our return trip overland to the Mackenzie.

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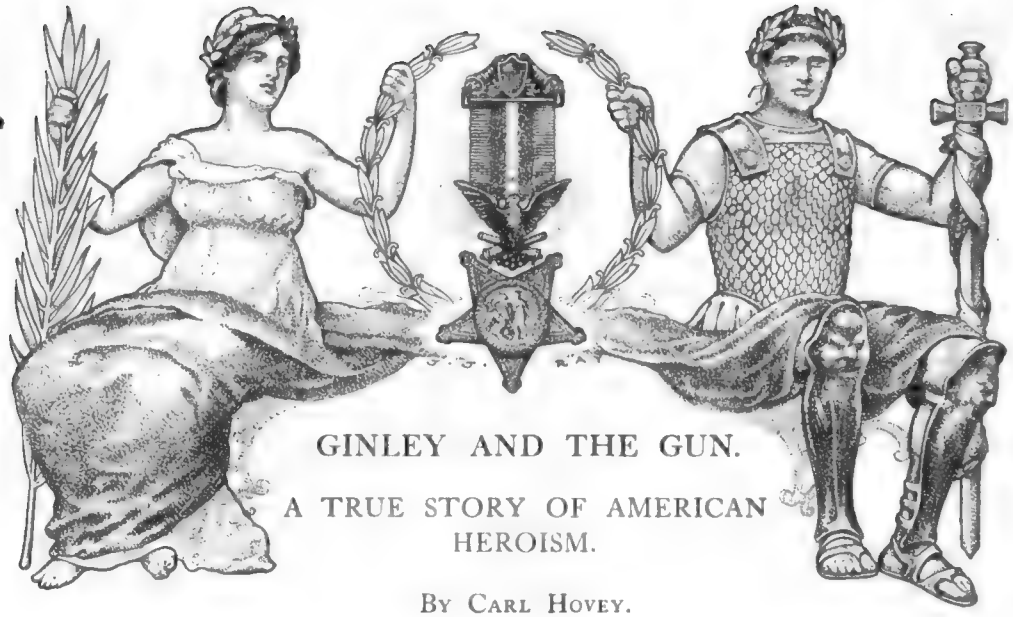

GINLEY AND THE GUN.

A TRUE STORY OF AMERICAN HEROISM.

By Carl Hovey.

[In the December number of Everybody's appeared the first of a series of stories telling of heroic deeds for which the Congressional Medal of Honor has been awarded. This is another tale of the winning of one of these medals.]

There was a little Irishman named Patrick Ginley, in Hogan's Battery, who had an army record as long as a man's arm. He served seventeen years in the British Army, first in the Fifth Dragoon Guards, then in an Irish infantry regiment, took part in the Crimean War and fought at Balaklava, Inkerman, and Sebastopol. He went through the Indian Mutiny. When his time was out he came to this country, where the war was then coming on. Here he immediately enlisted in the ranks, first in the infantry, then in the artillery. He was detailed as mounted orderly at headquarters, Second Army Corps, during the fighting on the south bank of the James in the summer of '64. Part of the time he served in disgrace, as a peaceable non-combatant, helping the company cooks; but mostly he was in the midst of the fight.

There had been an extra secret advance one night in a blinding rain when the roads were a trough of mud and as full of nasty holes as a Long Island swamp. The commanding general had dyspepsia, or else the weight of responsibility had become so heavy that he couldn't help fretting under it. Anyway, his orders that no man should speak above a whisper, not a harness-strap should creak, nor a canteen rattle against a bayonet in the belt, were such as could not be exactly obeyed. He had his orderlies plunging back and forth along the line of march all night, passing the word that if silence wasn't kept in the ranks he'd have somebody shot for it. Yet the devil was in it, for Patrick couldn't keep still.

You see Wilson's cavalry raid on the Weldon Railroad, back in June, had started off the Johnnies to making their prettiest efforts to defend this line. The Union men wanted to finish the work on the quiet. They were slumping along at a good gait, every man mum, when suddenly there was an awful yell, one shriek, and then absolute, dead silence, somewhere in the front. The thing hadn't died away when a scuffle of hoofs came up behind the ranks, and an orderly was asking in polite swear-language who had made that noise. Those in the rear sent him on ahead, and those ahead did the

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same. It looked as if he had an all-night's job to find that man, but presently he appeared again at the rear, with the little Irishman riding by him. The sight of them brought a laugh, but the men soon forgot all about the incident trying to sight the mud-holes in season to save a stumble.

Ginley had a painful boil on his right leg just above his boot-leather. His horse had stuck a foot through one of the ragged bridges, and the plunge of the horse had pressed the sharp edge of the boot right against the boil and cut it off clean as an army-surgeon's knife. That was when Ginley let out the cry. Any one might forgive him that, but headquarters didn't see it so that night, and he was kept in the background until just before the move of the Northern troops over from Deep Bottom to Reams's Station the last week in August, 1864. Then they put him back on his old detail. He went around after that with his head up in the air and his mouth shut tight.

The station-house at Reams's had been burnt, and some sorry, deserted entrenchments remained in a flat, woody country where two of the pasty roads crossed. The men fell to work tearing up the track, twisting the rails, and burning the ties. They had gone a dozen miles when word came in from signal-men that parties of Confederate cavalry were moving down on the station. The Northern advance guard easily held these off, but the main body of Confederate infantry and artillery came up, and after that the Yanks had to give up railroad-wrecking, for the time being, to attend to some hard fighting. The impending battle came on; not, at first, with actual firing, but with the hurry of preparation; then the long wait and marching backwards and forwards for position; and then, another wait, until the day was well spent before the battle began. Reserves were marched to the crest of a field where it joined some timber, and there ordered to lie down.

From this position a good deal of country could be seen. A battery was planted off on the right and forward. At daylight it began to shell the enemy and created a commotion in their ranks. As the firing became general the battle-line moved forward slowly, till the section of it near the reserves passed the battery and moved into a terrific fight. The enemy's cavalry charged, detachments of infantry were put in heavily on this part of the field, and after a while the Northern men began to lose ground. They fell back at first stubbornly and in good order, but the enemy followed up their advantage until the retreat became a flight. Masses of men huddled back in disorder, the gunners ran away from the battery, and the guns were thus silenced; and then the Confederates, as if they were satisfied with having accomplished this much, halted and held their ground. The deserted field-pieces lay between the armies. They must have been to many a soldier on both sides tempting objects for a sudden capture, but the commanders had at that moment other matters on their minds. Sharp sounds of the chopping of trees in the forest, where the enemy were strengthening their position, were heard, with the rumble of artillery on a plank-road near by.

At about this time little Ginley was told by General Hancock to go with Colonel Walker to see General Barlow and to learn what Confederate troops were in his front. Almost immediately two mounted men rode across the line of battle. They moved so slowly that it was evident one of them at least was slightly wounded and could not keep his saddle at any sharper pace. Every step of the way they were raked by a heavy musketry fire. At one place they made a little detour, and passed toward the shelter of some breastworks which shortly before had been occupied by Northern troops.

The repulse of the main body of these troops earlier in the day had sent the hearts of the Reserves into their boots. They were crazy for action. But the moment the colonel and his orderly appeared on the field their attention was centred on their movements. To see

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them coolly picking their way in the fierce cross-fire put new life into them.

The colonel was quite a bit ahead as they rode up toward the old breastworks. He sat his horse like a drill-master, stiff-backed, his shoulders square, and his right hand dropped at his side. Ginley, behind him, spurred up a little. His manner was exactly like his superior officer's—cool, precise, military. The place was full of pelting lead. They drew near the shelter of the earthworks, watched by the Reserves on the hill as if the fate of the day depended on the safety of these two soldiers. The musket balls came at an angle off to the right of the works. A few paces more, and the two would be out of the reach of the bullets and could take their chance to branch out and go on.

Suddenly the brown earthworks were all alive with men. At least fifty Johnnies jumped up from behind them, climbed over the top in a cloud of dust and called on the colonel to surrender. They did not fire on him; they didn't need to, for they had him fairly caught. They captured him as easy as one would board a street-car in a big city. He just came along and they took him. But the orderly had more of a show. They didn't seem to have him covered. He whirled his horse around the instant the cloud of dust was kicked up by the enemy's break out of the earthworks, and before it had settled he had gone fifty yards to the rear.

The enemy directed their fire at the fleeing orderly. At the same time there was a big advance movement getting under way on the enemy's main battle-line. The soldiers at the earthworks, the colonel who was now a prisoner, and little Ginley were only tiny details in the big field of battle, after all. Ginley relied on this fact to get away, but they were looking after him, too. Something went wrong. He had to pull up, evidently because his horse had been hit. They kept pouring shots at him. His horse reared the next instant, struck at the sunlight, then toppled to the ground; and as he fell the orderly half jumped, half pitched to one side, falling clear of the animal's legs. He got up, shaking his head and looking about him. The deserted battery was a few yards away at his left. He ran for it, dropped on his hands and knees as he came to a slope of ground that partially hid him, and so crawled up slowly and lay down on his stomach in the shelter of the guns. Not a shot, apparently, had touched him.

The enemy didn't pay any further attention to him for some minutes. Once in a while a sharpshooter would take a few deliberate shots at the figure, but most of these passed over his head. The shots picked up bits of dust way off back of him. The Johnnies were fussing over their prisoner, and waiting for the advance movement on their side to come up their way. Meanwhile, Ginley began crawling about as if trying to get himself into a safer berth.

Then came a big surprise. He jumped up, ran to a gun, and began to load it. He must have found some charges of canister lying near it, and he worked like lightning. The enemy, who now realized what he was doing, ran swarming out of the earthworks. They yelled at him, but didn't shoot. They fairly forgot to fire at him, they were so excited at the prospect of having that field-piece turned on them at short range. They yelled "Surrender!" in a hundred different shrill screams, and as he went on loading, ramming home one charge of canister on top of another, they called out to him "Surrender!" in a way that seemed to say, "In Heaven's name, you're not going to do that crazy thing; now drop that rammer, or we'll eat you up!" Ginley stepped back. He was ready. He pulled the lanyard, and the gun belched out his answer to their command!

A shout went up from the Reserves. After the thundering crash of the field-piece had passed, the cheer was answered by the boys off on the right who had seen the shot fired. The Confederates were running back to the works—what there

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was left of them. The main army on their side was slowly moving forward.

Several Northern batteries were being thrown forward to press an attack. Ginley was apparently satisfied with his gunnery, for he hurried off under cover of it and joined his comrades. He ran into the Twelfth New York Battery. The boys swallowed him up with a yell, and he went on with them into the fight.

The reports of his commanding officers tell how he behaved during the rest of that day. First he volunteered to help the cannoneer, and carried ammunition. But after the battery was wheeled into position and planted, the infantry rushed by and Ginley joined in the charge. He grabbed the regimental standard which had been dropped by the color-bearer, and carried it on. The charge brought him over the ground where he had so narrowly escaped. The Union men, Ginley with them, took those earthworks now, although the Confederates had been rapidly reënforced, and drove the enemy back on their supports. Ginley planted his colors on top of the earthworks.

There was then a short lull in the battle, while his comrades counted the effect of those fearful charges of canister. The havoc which the gun had wrought had almost demoralized the enemy on that part of the field. The Reserves moved into action soon after this and joined in the assault against the Confederate general, A. P. Hill.

Although Hill recovered, and the final result was unsatisfactory to the Union men, causing them to abandon the attempt to complete the ruin of the railroad, one thing stood out prominently in the minds of all during the retreat that followed—Ginley's part in the battle. The boys agreed that it was better than a dozen victories to have seen him. Of course he got the Medal. General Hunt ordered him to be recommended for it, and Lieutenant Daudry, of the Twelfth New York Battery, wrote the letter from camp in front of Petersburg that procured him the award.

Thoughts for the Rich.

By Austin Bierbower,

Author of "The Virtues and their Reasons," "On the Training of Lovers," "How to Succeed," etc.

Possessions may impoverish as much as the lack of them. It is possible to have so much that one cannot enjoy anything.

He who can enjoy what is not his, may always have enough.

One should grow as fast as his fortune, and be as big as his millions.

We should consider less how much we can make than how much we can use. To make a million-dollar man out of a thousand-dollar man is to make a fool who will soon part from his money.

Only he who wants something else than money can have enough.

There should be schools of enjoyment as well as of acquisition, or training in the use of the world.

If you are rich, find a way to use money; if poor, find a way to get it,—or to live without it.

One cannot be big by living in a big house.

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The Cutting Out of the "Royal Yacht."

By Rear-Admiral James E. Jouett.

The author (who was retired ten years ago after a full half-century of service in the United States Navy) here gives a personal account of the stirring incident that won for him the nickname of "Fighting Jim," and which gave him his first independent command.

In November, 1861, I was one of the officers of the frigate "Santee," engaged in keeping a watchful eye upon the city and harbor of Galveston. Several months of enforced idleness had made all on board the "Santee" ready for any task that might come to hand, and when word reached us that the Confederates stationed at Galveston were fitting out the schooner "Royal Yacht" and the steamer "General Rusk" for service as privateers, I volunteered to lead an expedition into the harbor and attempt the destruction of both vessels. Captain Eagle, of the "Santee," granted my request, and the frigate's two launches, with a detail of some forty men, were placed under my command for the purpose. Lieutenant Mitchell, assisted by Mate Adams, was put in charge of one of the launches, while Gunner Carter and I went in the other.

All being in readiness, we started up the harbor shortly after midnight of November 7th, to attack the Confederate vessels, which were then lying about seven miles from the "Santee." We hoped, under cover of the darkness, to surprise the "General Rusk," which was the larger craft, and then to effect the capture of the "Royal Yacht."

It was a plan that called for a good deal of hard fighting, and a bit of bad luck made it hotter than we had anticipated, for, pulling quietly up the harbor, we had passed the "Royal Yacht," which guarded the channel, and got abeam of the "General Rusk," when my boat grounded on a shoal or spit, and the second launch, which was close behind, ran into it, breaking my oars and making a noise which disclosed our presence to the crew of the Confederate steamer. This destroyed all

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hope of surprising the "General Rusk," and, as she carried four guns and had a large crew, I decided not to attack her. On the other hand, she at once opened fire on us. With the enemy throughout the harbor and on the shore thus informed of our presence, what was to be done had to be done quickly, and I therefore gave orders to pull for the schooner, directing the second launch to board on the starboard bow and my own crew on the starboard beam. Time was everything, but the tide, which had been against us in coming up the harbor, was now in our favor, and we pulled rapidly towards the "Royal Yacht." Not a word was spoken until we were within 200 yards of the schooner, when I was hailed, "Boat ahoy!"

I gave no reply, but called to my crew, "Give-way strong, boys; ready with the gun, Mr. Carter." Again came the hail from the schooner, "Boat ahoy!" to which my only answer was, "Give-way strong, boys; fire, Mr. Carter." The primer being damp, the gun failed to go off, but I ordered the men to trail their oars, and stand by to board. At the same moment Gunner Carter, one of the bravest men I have ever known, and as quick as he was brave, reprimed and fired the gun, and the shell pierced the schooner below the water-line. However, much to our discomfiture, the gun's recoil sent our boat astern, and the attempt to board miscarried. Gunner Carter, alone of all our party, succeeded in reaching the schooner. He leaped upon her deck, revolver in hand, at the moment of firing his gun, and, dropping behind her butts, began an enfilading fire upon her crew.

In approaching the schooner I had taken the tiller myself, to keep the boat steady. When she was driven back by the recoil of the gun, I ordered the four after-men to their oars, and had the rest of the men open fire on the schooner with their revolvers. Meanwhile, we were steadily drifting astern of the schooner, and were exposed to a murderous volley of ball cartridges and buckshot, fired by the enemy at close range. Up to this time I had seen nothing of the men in the first boat, but was to hear from them in a moment in an unexpected way. Again we neared the schooner. My brave pilot, Bell, as he stood on the gunwale swinging the grapnel, was struck by a ball, threw up his hands, and fell into my arms, while, as I sprang forward in the boat, the cockswain fell mortally wounded, calling out, "Oh, Mr. Jouett, they are killing us all from the other boat."

The poor fellow was right, though he himself had been struck by a ball from the schooner; the men in the second launch were firing into us from the port beam. I had ordered them, it will be recalled, to board on the starboard bow, but, instead of doing so, they had taken a position on the schooner's port beam, about twenty yards off, and, mistaking us for Confederates, were now pouring their fire into our boat. I shouted to them to cease firing, but they did not hear me, and I was therefore compelled, while my four after-oarsmen were pulling the boat up to the schooner, to make the rest of my men lie down in the bottom of the launch in order to save them from the fire of our friends.

As our launch again neared the schooner, coming under her starboard counter, I sprang to the bow of the boat, seized the painter, leaped on board the schooner, hauled up our boat, and made her fast to the main-sheet cavel, at the same time calling out to my men, "Now is your time; come on board." Fearing that Carter would be killed before we could reach him, I drew my sword and rushed forward, after making the boat fast, only to run against a pike held by a man who was braced in the cabin hatchway. The shock dazed me and took my breath away, and an instant later I found myself sitting on the schooner rail with not the faintest idea that I had been wounded. I supposed that I had run against a spar or other obstruction and received a severe blow.

Quickly recovering, and as yet unaware that the sharp blade of the pike had passed through my right arm and penetrated my side, and was even then sticking in my

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body, I again turned to go forward, whereupon the man holding the pike, discovering that I was not dead, gave it a powerful thrust to push me overboard. Then for the first time I realized my situation. To think was to act. Throwing myself back, with my leg over the rail, with my left hand I seized the pike, the blade of which was still in my body, and sprang forward. As my antagonist held on to the other end of the pike, it struck against the corner of the hatch and broke in pieces. The man then let go, and, drawing the broken pike from my side, I struck him over the head with it and threw it overboard.

All this had occurred under cover of darkness and in less time than it takes to tell it. The affair of the pike being over, I rushed forward to the aid of Carter, whom I found bleeding from a wound in the arm, but otherwise unharmed. The schooner's crew now ran below, and the victory appeared to be won. The sequel, however, proved that our work had only begun. The schooner was already in a sinking condition, made so by the shell we had fired into her below the water-line, and it was imperative that we should capture the crew and retreat as quickly as possible. Accordingly, I sat down behind the schooner's pivot-gun and tried to light a match for the purpose of setting her on fire. Three times I tried it, and from drowsiness failed each time. Finally, it dawned upon me that I was bleeding to death, though entirely free from pain. This startled me, and I struck my head against the gun in the effort to wake myself.

To make matters worse, the Confederate forts now opened fire upon us, and light-draught steamers came speeding down the bay to attack us. As yet not a prisoner had been secured. They were all below, with gallant Carter standing guard over them, a revolver in each hand. When told to come on deck they refused to do so, and I then ordered my men to go down and drive them up. All hung back from the task, so I went down alone into the hold, revolver in hand, and, by the light of a lamp suspended from the ceiling, found ten armed men crouched in corners. I again ordered them on deck, and two of them had begun to climb the ladder, when, to my surprise and dismay, I heard some rascal give the word for our party to retreat. Pulling the two men back into the hold and forcing them to sit down, I rushed on deck, only to find that all my party, save faithful Carter, had fled to the boat and were pushing off from the schooner. Shouting to Carter to hold the hatch and keep the enemy below, I flew aft, reached the stern of the schooner just as the launch had shoved off, cleared the rail with a desperate leap, and landed in the boat across the gun. At the point of the cutlass I beat my men back and forced them to return to the schooner, where I again made fast to her side, and a second time led them on board.

The second launch had fled when the word to retreat was given, and did not return. After that I ceased to count her in the fight, nor did I know what had become of her until I returned to the "Santee." All this time the forts were firing into us, and the enemy's steamers were coming nearer. Every moment increased our peril and lessened our chances of success. Once more I descended into the hold, but had hardly given the order for the men there to go on deck, when I was again startled by the unwelcome cry, "'Santee'!"—the watchword for retreat—and heard my men make another mad stampede for the boat. At this instant, physical weakness and a sickening sense of failure almost overcame me, but, at the point of the revolver, I again forced the prisoners to sit down, and facing them, slowly backed to the hatch and crawled to the deck, where brave Carter alone remained at his post. Too weak to go farther, I called upon Carter to go and drive the crew back while I held the hatch. Carter ran to the stern of the schooner, and finding that the boat was already some fifty yards away, called out to the men: "Go back, cowards. Go back and tell your shipmates that you deserted your officers. Mr. Jouett and I will bring this vessel out alone."

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Drawn by Rudolf Kummler.

LIGHTING A FIREBALL, I THREW IT AMONG THEM, SHOUTING TO THEM TO GO UP.

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This rasping rebuke recalled them to their senses, and they came back, after which Carter went down below and sent the Confederate crew on deck. The Captain, however, and two others in the cabin refused to come up. I ordered them on deck, and, when they again refused, threatened them with a loaded shell; but, lighting instead a large fireball, I threw it among them and leaped down the hatch myself, at the same time shouting to them to go up, whereupon, thinking it was a shell, they scrambled on deck, and became our prisoners. Five minutes later, having secured the schooner's colors, I got my crew and prisoners in the boat and shoved off.

With as little delay as possible, I put the burning schooner between our boat and the pursuing steamers, which were now close behind us, and then, with only eight well men to pull, with compass lost and pilot shot, and with wind and tide against us, shaped our course for the "Santee," seven miles away. Carter, though wounded, took his place at the gun, in which lay my only hope of defence against attack, while I gave the cockswain a star to steer by, ordered the men to give-way strong, and then supplied the wounded men with water. Soon Carter came aft, and whispered to me that the gun was jammed, and that I must manœuvre the boat so as to work it. This disturbed me, but not half so much as the panicky feeling now exhibited by the crew. Of a sudden one of the men cried out: "My God! here come the steamers; they will run us down." This prompted like remarks from other members of the crew, until finally I rose, pistol in hand, and called: "Silence! The first man who opens his mouth, I will blow his brains out. Make up your mind to capture that steamer if she captures you, for I will never surrender a man of you. No rebel prison for me; and while I live, we will fight or go to the bottom."

After that there was silence in the boat, and I took my seat on the gunwale, between the captain and mate of the schooner. The greatest compliment I ever received was paid me by this Confederate captain, who remarked, with an oath: "I don't know who you are; but, damn me, if you are not a brave fellow; deserted twice by your crew, and yet got the vessel. You are a man."

Still, I did not feel very much like one at that moment. The pike had injured my right lung, and I found it most difficult to give orders in a voice that could be heard by my men. Finally, however, by wrapping the folds of my shirt about my fingers, I stopped up the hole in my side, and this made my breathing easier. In this way three weary, trying hours crept by. The launch was shipping much water. Once I tried to lighten her by throwing the gun overboard, but it was so jammed that it could not be dismounted, and our pursuers were pressing up so closely that I only avoided capture by going among the breakers. Before I left the ship Captain Eagle had promised to show bright lights at the three mastheads and to burn blue-lights, and throw rockets at intervals to show me my way out of the harbor, as I well knew that I would have trouble in finding my way back to the ship. But not a light or signal was shown from the "Santee." Afterward the captain gave as a reason for not showing lights that he "was afraid of calling me from my work." This excuse may have satisfied his conscience, but it never satisfied me. And so, in a boat crowded with prisoners and wounded men, we sat at intervals firing pistols as a signal of distress, waiting and watching for daylight to disclose the whereabouts of the "Santee."

There is little more to tell. Of our party, eight men had been wounded, of whom two afterward died, and one man killed, but we had destroyed the "Royal Yacht" and captured thirteen prisoners. How many Confederates were killed and wounded we never knew. We got alongside the "Santee" at six in the morning. On reaching the deck I fainted, and was carried below. Not a man knew that I was wounded until I was taken to my room.

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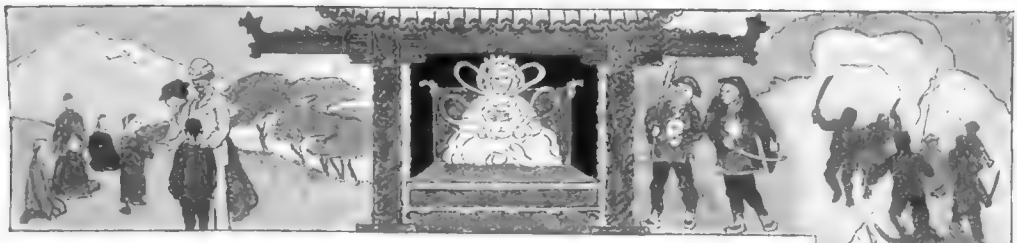
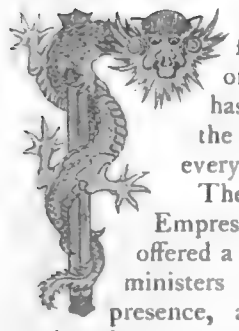


Peking.

By Chalmers Roberts.



MEDIÆVAL history tells how this state inflicted summary vengeance on the ambassador of that, but never, until Anno Domini 1900, has one government sought vengeance upon the entire world, by attempting to butcher *en masse* every foreign ambassador within its capital.

The world has long known Tsau Hsi, Dowager Empress of China, by her works. Truly, she has offered a crowning masterpiece for its inspection. Her ministers pretend they cannot bear the glory of her presence, and make their reports through a curtain; she thought to go a step further and direct the world. Instead, she has brought destruction upon her own people. This is as it was written by the ancient sage who prophesied: "China the Magnificent shall be destroyed by a woman." No doubt, before now this was interpreted to mean the usual woman who has a hand in every downfall. But when the armies of "foreign devils" paraded through the shrines and holy places of the Imperial Forbidden City, unveiling to the world its dilapidated glories, broken and decayed like the dynasty it sheltered; surely, oh, Tsau Hsi, when your people saw the whirlwind reaped, they knew whose hand had sown! Your tragedy has religion woven into its scenes. There may be some saving grace for you in that. For if ever the names of women are admitted to the Red Temples of Confucius, yours should blazon a tablet there. This must be your consolation, for your day is now forever done. China can be no longer ruled by an old woman behind a curtain.

It was easy for this tragedy queen, when the formerly docile "Son of Heaven" escaped from her control and inaugurated sweeping Occidental reforms, to trace the bitterly opposed zeal of the "Brother to the Sun and Moon" to foreign influence. This

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was only a culmination of the trouble which the "foreign devils" had been making for years. Exasperated beyond measure at the height to which their influence had reached, she joined with her immediate supporters in what is now a perfectly revealed plan to "drive the intruders into the sea." In the province of Shantung there was a small organization like old-time militia or train bands, in which her genius saw the germs of a great instrument for the destruction of foreigners. This organization was called I-Ho-Chuan (literally, the Patriotic Harmony Fists), and remained purely local until after the occupation of Kiaou-Chau bay by the Germans as a result of a missionary murder. Incensed, perhaps justly so, at this positive evidence of the motive power behind Christianity, the people rapidly flocked into the I-Ho-Chuan, now become, through Imperial aid, an anti-foreign, anti-Christian organization. Its rites included fantastic incantations, gymnastics, and charms intended to render its members invulnerable to bullets. Three special deities gave it their blessing and support—Kwanti, god of war and patron deity of the present dynasty; Kwang Cheng-tze; and the Joyful Buddha of the Rotund Belly. Other motives than foreign-phobia entered into the "Old Woman's" course. There had undoubtedly been a great following for the Emperor in his reform movement. The opposition to the usurpation and the clamor against her was great. The Boxers were a ready instrument to turn this indignation from her Majesty against the "foreign devils."

Nature lent its aid. There was a great drouth last spring and consequent lack of crops, ascribed by properly instructed priests to the desecration which the sacred graves of the dead were constantly receiving at the hands of foreign railroad builders, and to the impediment which foreign telegraph wires offered to the free flights of guardian spirits. Scarcely had the Boxers received full Imperial approval in the appointment of Prince Tuan, father of the heir-apparent, as their chief, in May last, when their organized operations began. Placards were distributed everywhere suggesting means for the destruction of the "foreign devils" and their works. Frequent outbreaks were reported from the provinces, for the suppression of which only half-hearted steps were taken.

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Then came what was really the opening scene of the great tragedy. The railroad station at Feng-tai, the first stop on the road from Peking to Tien-tsin, was burned. And as direct evidence of the propitiation of the gods, heavy rains fell upon the parched fields. This drove the fanatics wild, and all manner of lawlessness followed. Native Christian refugees began flocking into the city, telling stories of murder and rapine. The squabbling diplomats were for once harmonious in their demand for guards to protect the legations. The guard arrived from Tien-tsin on May 31st, cut down by the silly jealousy of rival powers to 18 officers and 389 men, an antiquated British Nordenfeldt, which jammed at every fourth round, and one American Colt machine.

About the end of May news began to reach Peking of the murder of foreign missionaries. One Englishman named Norman was handed over to the tortures of a mob by a local magistrate to whom he had fled for protection. Demands from the diplomats were received with a new and incomprehensible insolence. In the midst of the British Minister's protest against this murder one of the four members of the Tsung-li Yamen present was discovered to be fast asleep. "What can you do with such a nation as this?" he cried out to them in his indignation.

And while the plains about Peking were bright with burning stations and missionary villages; while Christians, both foreign and native, were being butchered throughout the provinces, the Court was amusing itself with theatricals at the Summer Palace. On June 9th the Court returned to town from the Summer Palace, ostensibly to exert a pacific influence. In reality it came to enjoy the bloody festivities planned, for on the same day the railroad to Tien-tsin was destroyed by Imperial troops, and the little band of diplomats and refugees, convinced that they must fight, actively began their plan of fortification and gathered in their siege supplies. Their repeated demands for a reënforced guard were only granted by the Yamen after the railroad had been destroyed, and it was impossible to reach the capital. When, to their great relief, the ambassadors received the telegram announcing the setting forth of Seymour's expedition, they all rode out, on the morning of June 11th, to meet their rescuers. They waited half the day, and met

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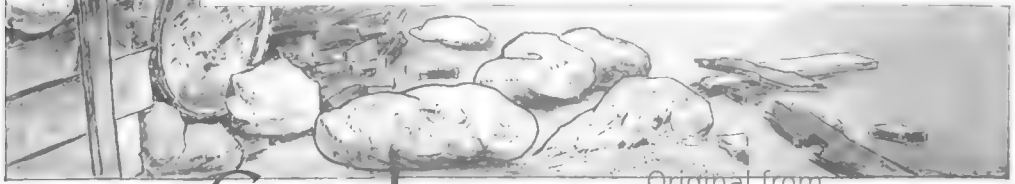
nothing save the jeers and insults of hordes of Chinese soldiers. On the same afternoon the Secretary of the Japanese Legation, Sugiyama, was murdered, and his body terribly mutilated by these same soldiers rejoicing over the news of Seymour's defeat. The body was never recovered, but the heart is said to have been sent as a trophy to General Tung-fuh-siang, in command of the Empress's favorite bodyguard.

On June 12th telegraphic communication with the outside world was cut off, and the awful two months of isolation which lay before the foreign colony of Peking began.

On the night of June 12th fires, which were started for the destruction of European shops and schools, spread to the richest quarters of Peking, lapping up untold wealth in stuffs and art and literary treasures. The cries of the burned and tortured Christians all over the city were heart-breaking to hear. All the foreign missionary buildings were burned on this night, as was also one of the great Catholic cathedrals. Rescue parties, composed of legation guards, were sent out to all parts of the city on June 15th. They were witnesses of horrors which can never be described. Women and children among the converts were hacked to pieces, and men were trussed like fowls, with ears cut off and eyes gouged out. At sight of the foreign soldiers women and children by hundreds came out of hiding, falling on their knees and crossing themselves, and prayed the soldiers to save them. More than 1,200 were thus rescued. Thousands of Imperial soldiers in full uniform stood by and saw the most awful atrocities committed, nor raised a hand to save. During the nights of June 13th and 14th Duke Lan, uncle to the heir-apparent, and Chao-Shu-Chiao, of the Tsung-li Yamen, rode through the streets in their carts to gloat over the work in hand.

In response to the complaints of the diplomats the government replied that the disturbances had been caused by local banditti who would soon be quelled; they assured the foreigners that "the tender care of the throne for the men from afar" would protect them. In spite of this tender care the foreigners continued their work of fortification and intrenchment.

On June 19th news must have reached the government of the taking of the Taku forts, for with characteristic perversion of truth they informed the foreigners, in an official communication, that "as



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the allied fleet has announced its intention of bombarding Taku, the whole situation has changed, and even in our affection we can no longer protect you, and must ask that you leave Peking under our protection within twenty-four hours." After much debate, and in spite of the appeals of the British Minister that the corps stay and protect the thousands of native Christians who had trusted the foreigner and believed in his good faith, they voted to accept the escort offered by the Yamen, but asked for more time in which to depart. The American Minister spent the whole night in packing his effects to be ready. On the morning of June 20th, no reply granting an extension of time being received, it was proposed at a meeting of ministers that they go to the Tsung-li Yamen for an answer. Fortunately this was voted down, for when, later, Baron von Ketteler, the German Minister, set out on his own responsibility, he was foully murdered in his chair in the street. Accompanied by a Chinese secretary and servants, all of whom have told the story, he was shot in his chair by an Imperial bannerman. The soldier thrust his rifle into the window and fired only one shot. The minister was not armed. His servants took to their heels undisturbed, although they were the much-hated converts. The soldier knew whom he was sent to kill, and did the work. The murder was committed at the very door of a police station in sight of the officers. Every one seeing the servants and the chair knew who the minister was, yet the police sent an impudent message to the German Legation, saying that a stray German had committed a disturbance in the street and had been killed—did they know who he was? Shortly after this the Tsung-li Yamen sent word that the foreigners need not leave at four o'clock, the appointed hour, as the road to Tien-tsin was not safe. Precisely at four o'clock the first firing directly on the legations opened up, and the siege proper began.

In the guard of 18 officers and 389 men, the American contingent consisted of Captain Myers commanding, Captain Hall, Surgeon Lippett, and 53 marines from the "Newark." Secretary Squiers of the American Legation, formerly an officer in the United States cavalry, served also with distinction as an aide to Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Minister and commander of all the forces.

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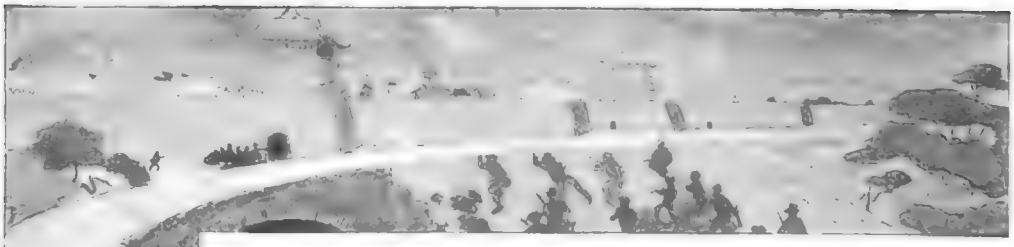
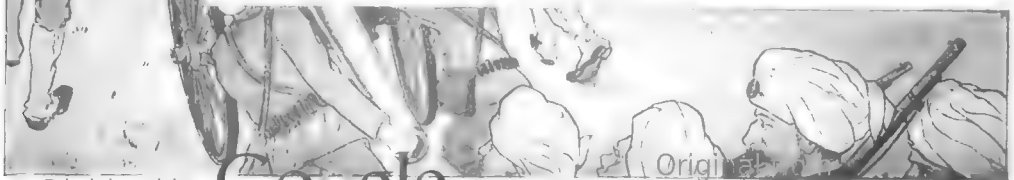


The civilians in the fortified compound banded themselves into a sort of Rough-rider regiment, called, because they had butcher-knife bayonets lashed to their multiform guns, the "Carving Knife Brigade." In the face of what seemed certain death the most amusing incidents constantly arose in this polyglot force of defence. French commands were often answered in a strong Irish brogue, and confusion reigned in consequence. Throughout all of the bloody days and days of weary waiting which followed, the thought that relief was at Tien-tsin, only four hours' ride by rail, must have made the isolation doubly hard to bear. Sir Claude Macdonald planned to destroy all the buildings around the fortified legation grounds by which fires could reach the legation buildings. As this would have necessitated the destruction of the ancient Hanlin Academy, the plan was voted down at a meeting of the ministers, after all that had happened, for fear of wounding the susceptibilities of the Chinese Government. The ministers could not conceive that on that very day the Chinese would themselves set fire to this venerated pile, with its priceless libraries, in the mad hope of reaching the British Legation. The fire was prevented from spreading to the legations only by the most arduous labor. On this day also a Krupp gun was mounted on the Chien Men gate, opposite to the Forbidden City, and shells thrown into the legations from a range of 1,000 yards. The first shell struck the American Legation. Bomb-proof shelters were at once erected for the women and children, the Chinese and coolie converts taking a brave share in all the work done under heavy fire. The most marvellous sand-bags known to any siege were made out of beautiful brocaded silks and velvets, which topped off the trenches with all manner of gorgeous coloring.

Continuous efforts were made to set fire to the legations by petroleum fireballs thrown at all hours of the day and night. On June 25th in the afternoon the incessant firing suddenly ceased at the sound of clearly heard bugle commands, showing plainly that the attack was not being made by a lawless mob. Some feint was then made at a truce and negotiations meant to deceive the defenders of the legations while an advance was made. They were not to be lured from their posts, however, and when at midnight the attack was renewed with redoubled energy, they were ready to receive it.



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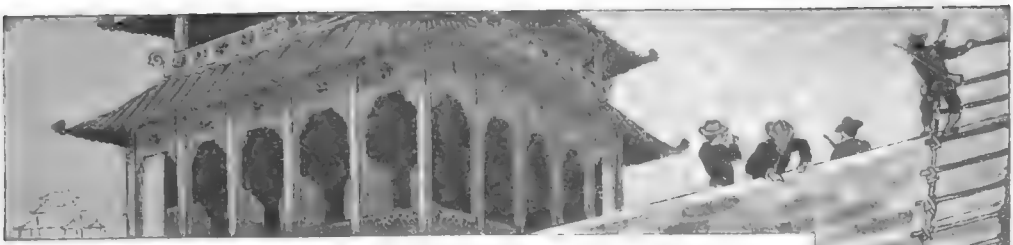
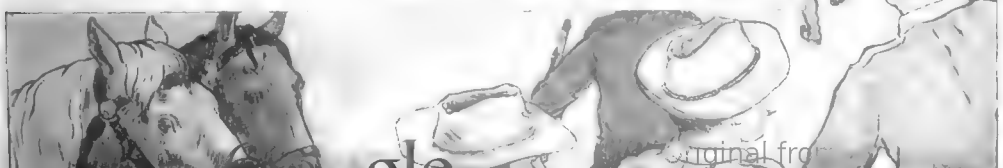


The bugles again sounded the order for the firing to begin. Many volleys of bullets high in the air could only be explained by the suggestion that Chinese soldiers were firing at the guardian spirits of the foreigners. On this day the attacking Chinese began the erection of extensive counter-fortifications. The defenders had not only the thousands immediately around them to be anxious for, but could look across the city to the great Peitang cathedral, and know that it was also besieged and attacked, with not half of their own facilities for defence. But good Bishop Favier had long predicted the storm, and was prepared for it. The brave Jesuit Fathers under him fought so well and faithfully, that the shuddering converts, for whose lives the mob was raging, must have had their eyes opened to the reality of the church militant. After all, the Christian nations are responsible, however mistakenly, for these converts, and it did seem hard that the diplomats should have been so ready to desert them. Assault by rifle volleys and Krupp guns was continuous. Surgeon Lippett was shot in the hip by a bullet which would otherwise probably have killed Minister Conger. Chinese Secretary Pethick, of the American Legation, had a fan, which he was using, pierced by a bullet. On June 27th seventy shells struck the British Legation. There were continual sorties and renewed attacks in force. The Germans were most active in bravery, and probably suffered most. Loopholes in the walls of attack and defence were so close together that you could not look through them without being fired at. A "Peking Gazette" of this date bears an edict officially ordering the extermination of all foreigners. On July 3d Captain Jack Myers, of the American Marine Corps, led a successful sortie for the capture of an intolerable barricade overlooking the American Legation, in which three Americans were killed and Myers wounded. He captured at this time two Imperial banners bearing the cipher of General Ma—more evidence of the tender care with which the government was protecting the foreigners.

Whoever writes this epic in its proper form will find a treasure of a character in Chamot, the wonderful Chamot, proprietor of the French hotel in Legation Street, which in times of peace is the abiding-place of most foreign visitors. Rostand should do one of



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his great tragi-comedies with Chamot for a hero. For this gallant Frenchman fought as well as he cooked, and he did both incessantly. He killed his own mules and cooked them; he ground his own wheat, and baked 300 loaves of bread a day, feeding all of the troops and many of the native refugees. When the fierce bombardment drove him out of his kitchen, which the shells crushed in, he cheerfully moved into his parlor and continued his cooking. Meanwhile he was the life of the place, and spent every spare moment behind the barricades.

Glasses showed plainly that the officers on the walls commanding the batteries, which poured their fire on the legations, were in full uniform, with mandarin hats and peacock feathers all complete. Three batteries of Krupp guns were mounted on the walls of the Imperial Forbidden City itself, whence the Empress Dowager from her gardens, surrounded by her Court, could see round after round of shot fired at a compound crowded with defenceless women and children. Yet at this very time the Chinese Minister in London was assuring Lord Salisbury that "effective protection was being given to the British Legation." The enemy was encroaching gradually on all sides. July 11th was a day of terrible fatality among the besieged. The French Minister, M. Pichon, one of whose titles is *Protecteur des Missions Catholiques en Chine*, gave up hope, and dramatically exclaiming, "Tout est perdu," made a bonfire of his archives in a convenient ditch. On July 13th a dull roar in the midst of shots and devilish shrieks announced the explosion of a mine under the French Legation. French Captain Darcy and the Austrian *Chargé d'Affaires* were buried up to their necks in the wreckage, but were unhurt. Two French marines were killed.

The first communication from the outside world reached the legations on July 14th in the shape of a communication signed "Prince Ching and others." It was the first of many ingenious attempts to get the foreigners to leave their fortified stronghold and trust to the tender protection of the throne *en route* to Tien-tsin, at the same time delivering the native converts over to their bloodthirsty butchers. It subsequently transpired that on this day Tien-tsin had fallen. This offer and subsequent ones were refused with scorn. Two days later another messenger came with a communi-

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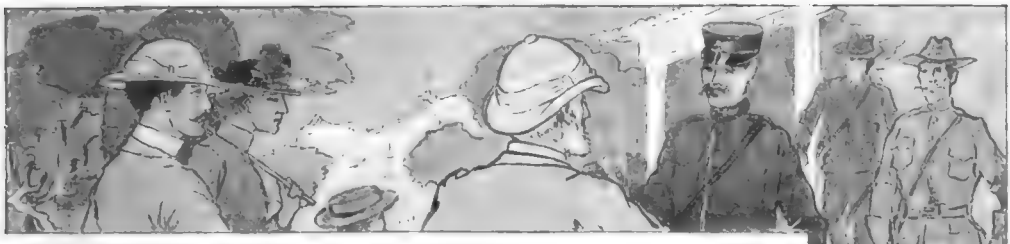
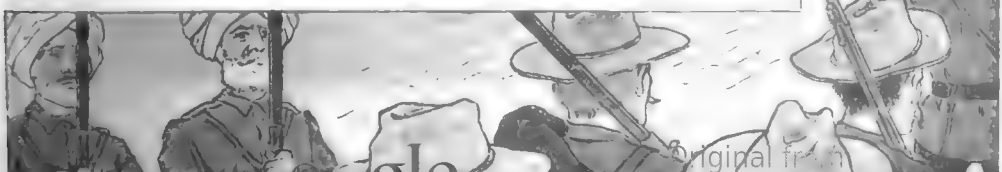


cation offering to have the Boxers stop their firing if the legations would cease replying. There was no real truce. The reader of the message had to raise his voice over the noise of shot and shell. This same messenger brought also the famous message from Secretary Hay to Minister Conger, without date or any sign of the route by which it arrived. Mr. Conger was directed "to communicate tidings to bearer."

On July 17th the attacks suddenly ceased, the Krupps were muzzled, and only sniping shots were heard for days. But the surrounding cordon was kept tightly drawn to prevent any communication with the relief expedition. By this time all were living on reduced rations, the 2,700 native converts being most meagrely fed. It is, indeed, little short of marvellous how, with such little preparation, the community was able to resist a siege of two months' duration; for, besides the converts, there were in the intrenched foreign quarter 400 civilians, 400 soldiers, and 400 servants to be fed. Fortunately there was a mill in Legation Street which furnished 900 pounds of flour a day. Only once did the Tsung-li Yamen offer assistance. It sent 1,000 pounds of flour, some ice, and vegetables—which no one ate for fear of poison. Communications now passed daily either with the Yamen or the group calling itself "Prince Ching and others." The request that sellers of ice and vegetables be allowed to enter the compound was never allowed. But there was ample evidence of the alarm of the government, from which the diplomats augured some catastrophe to Chinese arms. The "Peking Gazette" began to give evidence of the fear at Court. On July 18th "the unknown German" killed on June 20th was announced to have been the Baron von Ketteler, and the deep grief of the Court at his death officially expressed. By decree published on July 2d all the missionaries were "to be driven at once back to their own country." On July 18th it was decreed that they were "to be protected in every province." News of the fall of Tien-tsin reached the besieged on July 18th. The tone of the communications received noticeably changed from insulting to conciliatory as relief approached. But supplies were still cut off, and suffering, particularly among the aged and children, was acute. Some demands were impertinent in the



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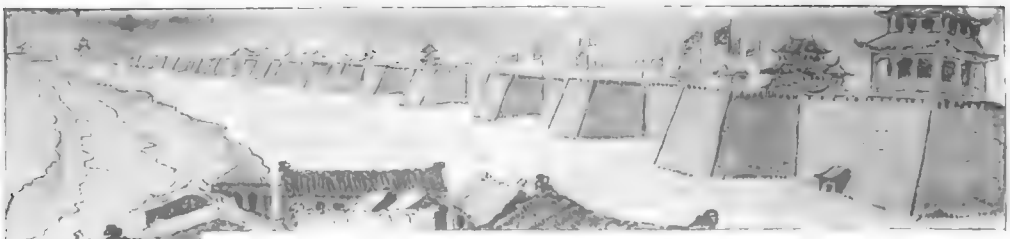


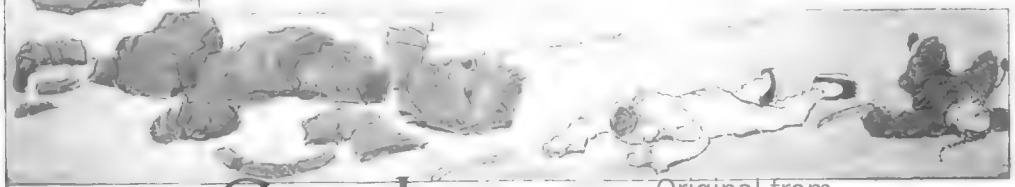
extreme. The imprisoned ministers were ordered to send lying reports to their governments about their safety and comfort. There was no civilized armistice. Sniping was continuous. The brave French Captain Darcy was killed by a stray shot just two days before relief came. Over the city came the noise of the brave resistance which the priests were making at Peitang cathedral.

Actually, during the first days of August, the Court sent in to the besieged diplomats courteous condolences upon the deaths of King Humbert and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. On August 10th came news that relief was almost at hand. The Chinese had also heard it, for the last two days of the siege were devoted to a desperate resumption of the attack by the Imperial troops on the legations. Shells fell continually, one entering the British Minister's bedroom. But the defending garrison made a great record for itself during these last days. Polyglot difficulties had been overcome, and an active, compact force created. Successful sorties had seized the adjoining quarter known as the Mongol Market, and resulted in the death of the general of the Shansi troops, who had boasted that he would reduce the legations in five days. Early on the morning of the 14th, noise of a loud bombardment at the great Eastern gate brought all the people to the walls. And by noon a British officer, followed by Sikhs, made his appearance under the water-gate of the canal leading into the legation grounds. Relief had come.

Just as the wonderful story of this siege shows up clearly Chinese ideas of honor, of hospitality, of international comity, so do the accounts of the reception of the relief troops give almost as significant a picture of a contrasting civilization. There were no tears, no cheers, no shouts of joy as the men from the beyond world rescued these people out of the very jaws of death. Dust- and mud-stained soldiers, who had fought through an exhausting forced-march to rescue the starving legations, were received by a garden-party company spotlessly arrayed in white flannels and summer chiffons. Eager questions asked by the rescuers received only the most composed and unmoved answers. One soldier rushed up to an aged diplomat, with his haversack in hand:

"Are you hungry? Have you had enough to eat?"

"Yes, almost; but we are out of butter and condensed milk."



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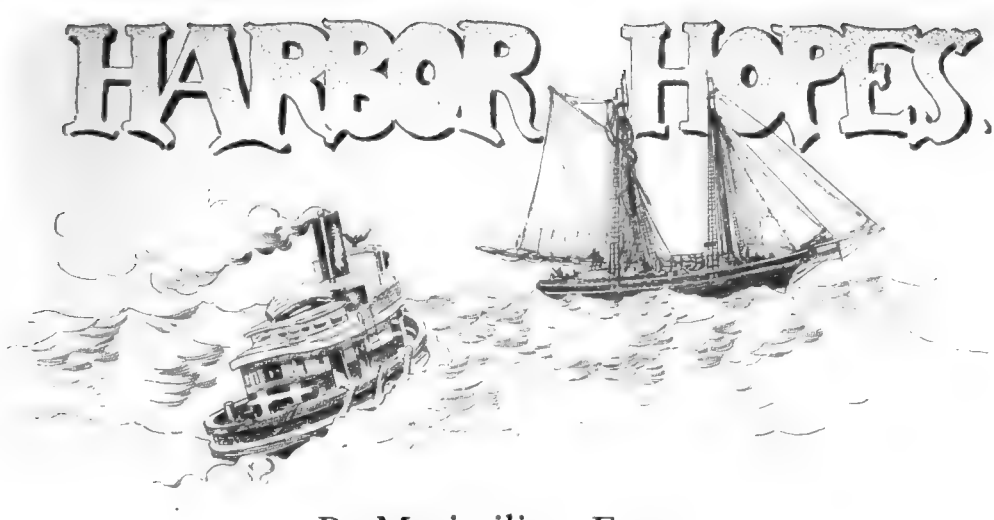
HARBOR HOPES



By Maximilian Foster.

Illustrated from life by I. W. Taber.

ON the ways she had been christened the "Fancy"—a ribald whim of fate—but the crews that came to know her evil habits called her more names than this. Her first owner she broke. The next, after paying her price half-over in repairs, cursed her for what she was, and sold her for what he could get. She was squat, snub-nosed, and blowsy—a brute of a harbor tug; unhandy, ill-mannered, and always looking like a retarded offering to the junk-heap.

When the Blue Star Company bought the "Fancy" she was at her worst. She had forgotten for years the touch of a paint-brush; the gold-leaf had moulted from the eagle on her pilot-house, and her upper body was as full of patches as a peddler's breeks. But this was not all—her engine, a single-cylinder, high-pressure machine, racked on its foundations at every stroke; steam wheezed from all the weakened valves, while the furnace-grates gorged more coal than either her work or her worth could warrant. Moreover, the machine was full of tricks. It had a way of hanging fire if given steam too quickly on a dead centre, and if the crank was pried over, the piston shot up with a shock that bid fair, some day, to drive the cylinder-head clean through the roof of the deck-house. Man after man departed her engine-room in doubt and terror; she was fired by men that could get no work elsewhere, and then, in a final extremity, destiny appeared in the person of Garrity, her last engineer.

The Blue Star people made no other change; they were tired of paying for repairs. But for Garrity's toil and perseverance, and his shifts to make her work, the "Fancy" would soon have gone to swell some scrap-iron monument to the memory of forgotten hulks. Hour after hour he stood guard with a wrench and an oil can, one eye on the gauges, the other on the engine, helping the cripple to stand up to its duty on the bed-plates. It was his honor to do his best, but there were other engineers in the trade—men older than he—that would have left the machine to itself, to rend and rack asunder.

Garrity's declaration of policy came as a climax to an interview, personal and purely confidential. It was held in the smudgy engine-room with Dolan, the "Fancy's" pilot. Dolan saw no hope of a better command while the tug was still afloat, so he had suggested craftily that with a little less attention the life of the "Fancy's" engine would abruptly

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terminate, and to replace her the owners would either build or buy.

"Hunh!" Garrity grunted. "Mean for me to wreck her? Well, I ain't goin' to for you or any other man. I stand for my work, Bill Dolan, and while she c'n work, I'll work her—ye mind that, now!"

"That stands then?" asked Dolan.

"It does, sure!" cried Garrity, and Dolan withdrew with a sneer and a threat on his lips.

This was the way things stood when winter set in on the harbor.

A long swell from the eastward trundled laboriously over the bar, but in the tranquillity of the crisp starlight overhead there was no reflection of the storm that had just swept up the coast. The "Fancy," bound out in search of a job, coughed her way down the Swash, the window-weights beating a staccato accompaniment to the thumping of her screw. Rounding into the lighted stretch of Gedney Channel, the tug bore away toward the open sea, where the twin moons of the Scotland lightship were cutting wide arcs across the skyline as she wallowed at her chain. In the distance, a liner was sweeping up toward the Hook, her saloon ports glittering like a constellation; and as she reached in toward the station pilot-boat, a ripping blast from her whistle bellowed across the water. Down the beach, a coal tow crawled toward the Hook—a string of spectres stalking through the night.

The tug passed out and, off the foot of the Channel, hove to with a pleasing sound of water gushing on and off her guards. Charmed by the quiet of the night, Garrity looked out on deck. The liner had stopped to pick up her pilot, and was away again, her wash drowning the tug's decks as she headed into Gedney's. Southward, toward the Shrewsbury Rocks, he marked the mast-lights of the towing steamer and the black, shadowy hulks in her train. The craft drew up abreast, and a loud shout hailed the "Fancy" from her house. "Tugboat ahoy, there! What's yer job?"

"Nott'n!" Dolan roared, sententiously.

"Job fer ye, then—tops'l schooner feller a-wreck aloft and leaking, down the beach, below."

"'Bleeged to ye, Cap'n!" Dolan answered, and the next instant the engine-room gong hammered out a signal, followed by the clamor of the jingle-bell calling for full speed. Garrity, jumping to his post, gave the engine steam; the shaft turned over, and the machine, racketting and swaying, settled down in a bass discord to its perfunctory labors. Swilling the cups with oil, he watched its movement narrowly. "Ye'll not last much longer, ye critter," he muttered; "but while ye've a leg to stand on, ye'll work, ole hoss, ye'll work!"

The gong, presently, sounded again, and under one bell the tug drove in slowly toward the beach. Beyond lay the crippled craft—a trim-hulled coaster, frayed and driven by beating gales, a disfiguring tangle aloft, with the splintered heel of a topmast uprearing from the chaos.

"Tug ahoy!" cried an anxious voice. The "Fancy" ran alongside, the lines were passed, and Dolan clambered over the rail.

"Be'n in trouble, Cap'n?" he ventured, as a preliminary to a hard bargain.

"Trouble! Look aloft, man!" cried the schooner's master. He marked this with an angry snort and a gesture toward the top-hamper. "We've no time to waste here," and as if to emphasize his words, the pumps clanked loudly, while cataracts gushed from all her scuppers. "Usual rates to tow me up to the Basin, and something to put me ashore at the city, eh?"

Dolan laughed. It was a job that called for more than usual rates, and the bargain he drove was pitiless, the skipper assenting with amazing weakness.

"I've me gal aboard here," he explained, half apologetic for his quick surrender, "or I'd see ye next afore I'd give them tarms ye're askin'. It's no place for a woman—she's aft on the cubby table that's standin' in a foot and a half

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of sloppy water. She can go aboard the tug, I s'pose?"

"Sure—no extry charge for that," Dolan exclaimed gallantly, with a smirk.

Garrity, lolling in the engine-room doorway, saw a muffled figure handed over the rail. It was, indeed, no place for a woman, he thought, when the captain's voice cut in on his reflections. "Can't she sit in the engyne-room to dry?" the coaster's master called. "Sure pop!" Dolan answered blithely, and a moment later Garrity, irresolutely mopping his embarrassed face with a bunch of cotton waste, was doing the honors of the boat.

"Fine weather we're havin', mum," he ventured, after she had found a place on the tool-locker. She looked up with a furtive smile. "I don't know about that!" she responded, quizzically. Garrity felt himself flush, and hastened to recover standing with a new sally. "Had a fine trip?" he asked, and then cursed himself for the idiocy. The young woman laughed outright.

"What a funny man you are!" she cried. He maintained a discreet silence for a while, busying himself about the engine, and then, after the pause, trying conversation in a more fluent channel.

"Quite a wrack!" he ventured. "Quite a wrack, Miss—Miss—er——"

"Miss Higgins, please. Yes, we've had a real hard time on the 'Mary Bird.'"

"Guess ye're one o' them Rockland fellers, mebbe?"

"Me—oh, you mean the schooner! No, we hail from Calais, State of Maine."

There was another long pause. The engine thrummed its galloping refrain, the valves sobbed and spluttered, while the hull's fabric shook tremulously under the tread of the revolving throws. "Never be'n to Calais," Garrity murmured, abstractedly. "Sorrowful Calais!" she tittered sarcastically. "No, ain't never be'n there," he repeated, unmindful of the gibe. "Say, how'd ye like a cup o' tea?"

He opened the door, and bawled forward to the galley: "Hullo, there, Steward! Cup o' tea for the leddy. None o' that reg'lar bilge-paint o' yourn, nuther, mind ye!"

She was a small, brown-haired young woman, this visitor from the crippled schooner, with interrogating eyes that had a habit of flashing suddenly upon one from under half-closed lids. When her tea came she sipped it, twinkling at Garrity over the edge of the cup. "You're not going to have some, too?" she interrogated, and Garrity, quite to his own astonishment, reckoned that he might—dunno—yes, he guessed he would. He bawled forward the order, the leering cook brought another cup, and Garrity was sipping pleasantly, when Dolan's head popped into the engine-room. His wide-open eyes took in the scene, and a scowl showed his disapprobation.

"Here, there!" he growled testily. "What's this—a reg'lar tea party—hey? Think this a bloomin' yacht?"

Garrity made no answer, but glared darkly. Then he stepped to the side, and, with an impulsive gesture, heaved cup and saucer far out into the "Fancy's" following wash. "My, what a temper you're in!" the young woman exclaimed; but Garrity had turned his face, red with wrath, to the engine, and gave no heed. With his hands trembling in desire to throttle the pilot, he bent anew over the oil cups, hearkening to Dolan's scornful laugh. Once he turned to peer at the two, and the girl's eyes flashed suddenly at him from under the half-closed lids. Garrity blushed, and hastily resumed his work.

The tug wound its way up the channel, and, with the schooner almost under, droned in through the gap to the Basin, and plumped her aground on the mud.

"There!" Garrity exclaimed, when the tug had run up to the city. "All ashore what's goin' ashore." His pride was still ruffled, but he strove, with this facetiousness, to relieve his surly solemnity.

"Oh, are we there?" the girl exclaimed, with a bright glance. "Are we there already?"

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"Yes'm. I'd help ye ashore; but ye see, I've sorter got to stand by."

"Well, good-by, Mr. Garrity. You'll come see me, won't you, while the schooner's rigging?"

Garrity fumbled with his cap, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other. "Well—dunno—mebbe," he murmured with ungracious frankness. "Oh," she laughed, noting his embarrassment, "suit yourself." Then she was gone.

"Hey, there, Carrie!" Garrity heard her father calling. The skipper, during the run up from the Basin, had been busy stowing away pie in the galley, and heartily cursing Dolan for the bargain he had driven. "Come along, there, Carrie."

But the young woman was bidding adieu to Dolan. "You'll call, I hope," she was saying, when her father's voice broke in angrily. "Ahr, shucks, Carrie!" He did not attempt to conceal his scorn for Dolan, and Garrity gloated at the sound. But the elation died abruptly.

"I'll expect you, then, Captain," he heard her say anew.

"Humph!" sniffed Garrity; "they're all alike. Flirts—ev'ry one—jes' flirts."

He mopped his face with the oily waste, and when he looked up again, his gloom was emphasized by a smudge of grease that stretched from ear to ear across his nose.

Sunday morning found the "Fancy," after an all-night job at towing freight-flats, lying up at a South Brooklyn pier. The rest of the hands had turned in for needed sleep, but Garrity sat in the engine-room, wrestling with indecision. He eyed his greasy jumper in perturbation, reflectively felt his chin, and, throwing off his working clothes, dressed and scuttled shoreward. An hour later, with his hands in his pockets and a blank expression of idleness, he was lounging around the screw-dock where the "Mary Bird" was hauled out for repairs.

A solemn figure hung over the taffrail staring at the world below. Garrity noted the chin-whisker and the faded soft hat, and, whistling a vague melody, protruded himself upon the other's view.

"Morn'n', Cap'n," he called.

"Hunh—morn'n'!" the skipper grunted, unamiably. He recognized the engineer, and still savage at the price he had paid to Dolan, included all members of the "Fancy's" crew in his animosity. But the visitor was not to be rebuffed; he sprawled himself upon a convenient timber, and displayed the arts of conversation. Presently the skipper was accepting a doubtful cigar, flipped upward over the rail, and in ten minutes Garrity had transplanted himself to the schooner's deck, his position assured.

Their talk was of ships and men among them, Garrity sheering clear of the real reason that had brought him to the Basin. But at the end, when he arose to leave, he glanced aimlessly aloft; then about at the extended panorama of dormant ship life—the dingy tramps, Dago barks, excursion craft, brigs, brigantines, and all the other sea wanderers lying in the haven—and noisily cleared his throat.

"How's the young leddy, Cap'n?" he demanded.

"Fine—spry as ye please. Ye ain't be'n over to see her yet?"

"Nope—ain't got time." Then he fled.

But the following Sunday Garrity did find time, and there in the front room sat the pilot, Dolan, apparently much at ease.

The calkers had finished their last staccato refrain upon the bilges of the "Mary Bird"; the riggers were reeving the last down-hauls fore and aft. Two months had passed, and the schooner's master, fretting at the delay, longed to be up and off to sea. On the "Fancy" they were playing ducks and drakes with courtesy between the engine-room and pilot-house, for Garrity and Dolan had met too often at the home of the skipper's daughter. Even orders were bawled below in tones of sneering emphasis, and gibes and jeers had assumed the place of civilities. Garrity understood, but made no retort. But on the night the schooner cleared for sea,

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SHE WAS SITTING ON THE TOOL-LOCKER, HER BLITHE EYES TWINKLING AT HIM.

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the latent wrath burst forth, and they all but came to blows. Once again they had found themselves together in the presence of the skipper's daughter, each scowling at the other—a situation the young woman read with demure amusement. Garrity, vexed and hot, strove to be agreeable, while Dolan, sullen and sulky, glowered in a corner. His eyes gleamed fiercely under their dark, bushy brows, and their hatred was poorly disguised.

"Ye're off to sea, then, to-morry," Garrity remarked. "Who's doin' the towin'?"

"Why," she exclaimed, "haven't you heard? The 'Fancy' takes us out." Then she laughed. "Father made the bargain this time—didn't he, Cap'n Dolan?"

"Then he'll get off easier now'n he came in!" cried Garrity, with a grin.

A low growl answered the sally. The engineer, rising to go, turned his back on the pilot.

"It's good-by, Miss Carrie," he said, looking softly down upon her; "but I hope ye'll be comin' back ag'in?"

Her eyes flashed again at him from under the half-closed lids, and though she laughed, a faint pink glowed about her ears. "I guess so," she answered abstractedly; then, with a start, snatched away her hand. "Good-by, Mr. Garrity, and good luck; but then I'll see you to-morrow morning."

"All right," he answered, and walked out.

Garrity had hardly reached the street when he heard the sound of steps upon the stair behind him. A glance over his shoulder showed Dolan hurrying in his wake.

"Hey, you there, Garrity!" the pilot cried. He ranged alongside, his jaw distent, and his face convulsed. He shouldered the engineer around the corner, and halted him, his face pressed close to Garrity's. "I'll learn ye to make fool fun o' me, Jim Garrity, afore the woman that's to be my wife!"

"Ye lie!" cried Garrity, his heart leaping. The pilot threw off his coat. "Ye'll fight, then, for that!"

Garrity, as white and trembling as the other, recoiled, his emotion not so much from rage as from the terror that what Dolan had said was true. "It's a lie!" he repeated thickly. Dolan answered with a taunting laugh. "Will ye fight?" he cried.

The engineer drew back; his head shook slowly. "No, I'll not fight," he muttered. He turned and walked the other way, and Dolan, squirming into his coat, sent a jeer echoing after him. "Coward!" he yelled, with a burst of mocking laughter.

Dawn found Garrity sitting upon the locker staring blankly at the gauges. Below, the fireman was raking the grates, his bar clattering noisily as he yanked it across the metal sheathing of the fire-room floor. But Garrity's thoughts were unbroken by the clamor. He sat there until the door slowly opened, and Dolan pushed his leering face into the engine-room.

"Ye damn coward!" the pilot sneered, and withdrew.

A moment later the gong overhead struck a signal, and Garrity rose and threw over the gear. He gave the engine steam; the boat droned ahead, while the drumming crank-throw beat the refrain, "Coward—cow—ard!" He stood there till the gong sounded again, and heard the tug's guards pound and clear on the harbor-swell against the schooner's side. A voice floated in to him. "Morning, Captain Dolan!" and then the answer, "Morn'n', Miss!" Involuntarily he leaned back against the throttle, and the engine plunged ahead with the inrushing steam. "Below there, ye thick-headed Dutchman!" a voice roared down the tube from the pilot-house. "What ye tryin' to do? Founder all hands—eh?" A moment later he heard Dolan, leaning from the upper rail, laugh loudly. "Where's Garrity, ye ask? Mopin' below, I shouldn't wonder!"

The tug was under way again; she passed down the harbor, and out toward the open sea. Garrity knew from the

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signals and the sounds on deck that she had cast free. Then she grated anew along the schooner's side, and came to a halt.

"What's doin'?" Garrity blankly asked of a deck-hand.

"Cap's gone aboard," the man answered.

The schooner was lying head-in to the wind, her cloths cracking like cannons, and the sheet-blocks lunging shuttle-wise along the travellers with a deafening uproar.

"What's the row?" asked Garrity, dully.

"Ain't none," the deck-hand answered with an expansive wink; "Cap's sayin' good-by to the young leddy. He's sure spoony on her, ain't he? I hear talk of it afore."

A savage voice cut in on their talk; the pilot was hustling over the side. "Cast off, there!" he roared. His face was red with emotion. He shouldered a deck-hand aside from the companion-ladder, and rushed up to the wheel. A vicious stroke on the gong aroused Garrity from his wonder; the tug bore hard down on her side as she wore abruptly around, and Garrity heard a voice calling him from the schooner's rail.

"Good-by, Mr. Garrity! Good-by!"

He opened the door, and peered forth with a gloomy face. The girl stood in the schooner's waist waving him a farewell.

Aloft, in the pilot-house, Dolan twirled the wheel-spokes, muttering fiercely under his breath. He drove the "Fancy" at full speed homeward, and when she had tied up at her pier, strode aft to the engine-room door. What he had learned in his few minutes on the schooner had made him believe that all hope in that quarter was doomed for a man that could rise no higher than the pilot-house of a tug like the "Fancy." For rising no higher he held Garrity to account.

"Ye snivellin' dog!" he cried, pinning the engineer against the cylinder. "Will ye fight—now!"

"No," answered Garrity, "I won't." He held a wrench in his hand, but made no use of it. "I could kill ye wit' this, Dolan, but I won't. Neither will I fight —for your reasons!"

"Ye wait!" cried the pilot, dropping his hands. "I'll be rid o' ye—rid o' ye and the—the——"

He cut himself short. "D'ye mean the boat, Dolan?" cried Garrity, his wrath rising. But Dolan, with a curse, flung himself out.

It was common talk along the piers that there was trouble on the Blue Star's "Fancy," but neither Dolan nor the engineer vouchsafed explanation. A month passed, and still there was no outbreak. Garrity knew, however, that he had a man to fear, and as a relief to his sombre feelings, entered joyously into the lookout for trouble. But there were times when his heart was crimped with bitterness.

"Lost," he muttered to himself. "I've lost, and she'll have him. His is the game." The lie that Dolan had told him, he grew to believe.

Midwinter came, and with it a drift of ice from the upper river such as the harbor had not seen in years. A heavy snowstorm that tied up traffic for a day made it worse, for there were few boats abroad to cut up the heavy floes. That day Garrity scented danger. The "Fancy," out in quest of a stray job about the anchorages, was dawdling down an open lane between two heavy floes, when the jingle-bell rang for full-speed. Garrity gave the engine steam; a moment later the boat brought up all standing with a prodigious shock. He heard the timbers groan at the concussion, saw the engine surge on its bed-plates, and waited for it to pitch over in the hold. But, for a wonder, nothing gave. He shut off steam, and looked forth. A deck-hand, with bulging eyes and wide-open mouth, was staring ahead.

"What struck?" asked Garrity.

"She did!" the man cried. "Cap banged her head-on into a reg'lar berg. Say—she ain't built for no work like that!" The man was plainly frightened.

"No," muttered Garrity, "she ain't."

An angry voice, roaring down the tube, greeted him when he returned to his post.

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"What the devil ye cuttin' off steam for?" it demanded.

"Want to sink her?" asked Garrity, and said no more.

Again that day the jingle urged full-speed; once more the "Fancy," with a sickening heave, crashed into almost solid ice. The wrench started the feed-pipe from the valve-chest, and a spurt of vapor added its voice to the asthmatic wheezing of the valves. The engine-room was filled with steam before Garrity could cut it off at the main valve. Naturally the tug was crippled.

"She's knocked out!" he called calmly up the tube.

"Wrecked?" a hopeful voice demanded.

No, she was not, but a little more would have split the feed-pipe asunder, when the scalding, blinding steam would have ended forever the hopes and fears of her engineer.

Dolan grinned that night when he stepped ashore. The owners said nothing but profanity, for the tug's infirmities were too well known to ask for explanation from any living man. She was towed over to the machine-shop, and a new shoulder put in on the cracked pipe. Garrity did most of the work and was content. He knew for what he must be on guard.

The "Fancy" came away from the machine-shop late in an afternoon, with orders for the Hook. Warning signals were flying about the harbor; a storm was due, and there was a chance of stray craft huddling in at the Hook in search of a tow to a safe haven. The "Fancy," at full speed, slid down along the western anchorage, and on the tail of the holding-ground near the Robbin's Reef light was hailed by a topsail schooner. "Tug ahoy, there!"

"Hello!" cried a deck-hand, "it's that Calais feller—the 'Mary Bird'—back in port. What's he want?"

The schooner had come in during the afternoon. Garrity's heart beat like a feed-pump, and with one hand on the lever he listened to the greetings overhead. He heard Dolan's surly response, the skipper's cheery bantering, and then the daughter's voice.

"How-de-do, Captain Dolan," she called, affably but not impressively. Then his own name followed. "How's Mr. Garrity?" she asked. There was no answer. Dolan, under the pretext of care in running alongside, ignored the inquiry. When he spoke again it was to the skipper.

"Sorry, Cap'n," Garrity heard him say, "we got a job down to the Hook. I can't put back to the city, but I'll drop ye at quarantine. How'll that do?"

"Fine," answered the skipper. "Come along, Carrie."

"Step up here, Miss Carrie, won't ye?" Dolan asked. A laugh answered.

"No, Captain; I'm going to step in and call on Mr. Garrity."

The engineer's pulse, as he leaned over his engine, beat louder in his ears than the strenuous tread of the machine. His oil can clattered unsteadily against the plunging crosshead, his emotion made him clumsy, and when at length he turned heavily around, she was sitting on the tool-locker, her blithe eyes twinkling at him.

"Ye're back—eh?" he murmured.

"Yes, indeed—and is that all you have to say?"

For a long while he said nothing more, returning to his task of filling the crosshead guides with oil. Then he looked up, slowly wiping his hands on a ball of cotton waste. "It's all fixed, I s'pose," said he, stupidly. "I mean wit' you and Dolan."

She stared at him momentarily, and burst into tantalizing laughter. But an instant later she became serious, frowning severely and fixing him with a sharp glance. "You've no right to talk that way," she said. "I'm going!"

"Good-night," he murmured. "It's good-by, too, mebbe."

The door closed behind her as they grated alongside the quarantine pier, and she was hardly gone when the gong rang under way again. Overhead, the wind was beginning to rise. It harped stridently

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RIMMED BY THE INFERNO, GARRITY STUCK TO THE WHEEL.

through the funnel-stays, falling with sudden, clamorous squalls upon the groaning tug. But the "Fancy" held on her way, turning the channel and bearing resolutely sea-ward. As they faced the open water, a heavy sea, rising under the lash of the gathering gale, hurled itself against the tug's bluff shoulders. Each moment it grew worse; her timbers cried out in manifold complaint, mingling their voices with the shriek of the wind and the hiss of the spray beating upon her house. Ice formed where the water fell, for it was bitter cold.

A sudden, rioting burst of sound from the storm awakened Garrity from his thoughts. He listened, steadying himself against the weaving engine-frame. Below, the fireman had stopped feeding coal to the grates, and was listening also. "Say, Jim," he called to the engineer, "this ain't no sort of a tub to be out a night like this in. Where's he goin'?"

"Dunno," answered Garrity. "How's the b'iler stayin'?"

It was barely staying and no more. The fireman, in a complaining key, bade Garrity come below and see it work and heave on the brackets. "It'll sure be pitched over on top o' me," cried the man.

Garrity stepped to the tube, paused doubtfully, and then called up to the pilot-house. "She'll not stand much more o' this, Cap'n," he warned.

Dolan stood at the wheel, his teeth set and a hard look in his eyes. The night was wild, the storm gathering strength at

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every fresh flaw. The "Fancy," cloaked in spray and ice, toiled up the quick slopes of the rising sea, and plunged with sickening heaves into the hollows beyond. Dolan bent all his strength to the spokes to match the angry jerking of the rudder, and a wild hope beat in his heart that the "Fancy" would pitch her crippled engines from their foundations. With a fierce exclamation he answered down the tube.

"Afraid, hey?" he mocked. "Scared o' yer bloomin' engynes, are ye? Well, ye'll stick to it, and not weaken on me, Jim Garrity—ye chicken-heart."

A wild squall fell upon the tug; she settled under it as one quails beneath the lash, her timbers lamenting as if in pain. Dolan was half-minded to turn back, but Garrity's warning spurred him on. He tossed a shovel of coal into the pilot-house stove, and leaned forth again from the open window, his black hair matted and dripping with the wet, and his wild eyes scrutinizing the range lights shining dimly through the flying vapor.

As he looked, out of the blackness he saw a sea rise up against the skyline, and slip silently down toward them. Its black bulk was crested with a line of foam, and the riot of the night seemed stilled at its approach. Convulsively Dolan reached for the bell, one elbow hooked over the wheel, and a cry burst from his lips. "Hang on for your lives!"

The "Fancy" set her nose against the slope, and strove desperately to rise. He saw her with terrified eyes drive her bows into the weight of water; the sea poised an instant above her decks—with a roar of thunder it broke, burying the "Fancy" fore and aft.

Deafening sounds followed—a wild chorus of straining timbers and tortured planks. The tug settled as if she must founder; then, with a crash, shook herself free. The cataract poured from her deck; she pitched forward like a loosened charger; there was still another crash, and a burst of flame spouted up in the pilot-house. Dazed by this fresh terror, Dolan turned slowly around.

The cast-iron stove in the pilot-house, torn from its stays, lay a wreck upon the floor. Its blazing coals had already fired the woodwork, the varnish was crackling busily, and one side of the structure was a sheet of flame. Stupidly, he tried to stamp out the fire, and then fell to screaming down the engine-room tube:

"Fire! Fire! Fire! The pilot-house —Garrity!"

The alarm fell upon Garrity like a blow. He looked out on deck, and saw the glow aloft. "Below there!" he cried to the fireman. "Stand by the engine—we're afire!"

He rushed forward to the galley and knocked up the crew. "The pumps!" he roared. The next moment, he was scuttling up the companion-ladder, and bursting into the pilot-house.

Dolan still stood at the wheel, staring in stupid terror at the catastrophe. "Turn her—turn her before the wind!" Garrity cried. "We'll be afire fore and aft if ye don't!" But Dolan was past giving aid. Snatching the wheel from the man's nerveless hands, Garrity wore the tug around, the flames licking at his jumper. He turned then to hand over the wheel, but Dolan had dashed out through the smoke to the momentary safety of the deck.

Rimmed by the inferno, Garrity stuck to the wheel. To give the tug her head would have been to court disaster, for the first sea would have broached her to, the second would have scuttled her. He waited an age, it seemed, for the quick thudding of the pumps, and as his greasy jumper crisped up his back in agonizing heat, he heard them begin. An instant later, a stream of water drenched him to the skin, and the peril was past.

Stooping before the gale, the "Fancy" fled back to cover, her mate standing at the wheel. Below in the galley sat Dolan, nerveless and still stupid from terror. None gave him any attention, for his cowardice was understood. But he paid no heed to their ill-disguised sneers, and sat there silent. Garrity had returned to his engine, while the mate stood at the wheel, bringing the "Fancy" up through the

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Narrows and under the lee of the Brooklyn shore. Dolan knew that he was ruined, for owners would engage no man ready to desert his post at the first peril. A wild spasm of hatred convulsed his face, and he shook his clenched fist.

"Below there, Garrity!" the mate called. "Come up here, will ye?"

Dolan heard the engineer stamp up the ladder; the engine-room was deserted. He glanced craftily about, and looked out. The deck was deserted, too. Stealing down the weather side, he opened the engine-room door and peered about. Satisfied that he was alone, he seized a sledge, and crawled down to the crank-pit. With a swift, upward stroke, he knocked out the key from the pin of the connecting-rod, and with another blow drove the pin half-way through the bearings. It was a trick of desperation; and, throwing down the sledge, Dolan fled from his crime as one accursed.

The bell rang—a bold, demonstrative signal. Garrity returned to his post, set the gear, and gave her steam slowly. The shaft turned over the crank, moving in its orbit with accustomed clamor; the jingle clattered a second signal, and, giving her full-steam, Garrity turned to read the gauges.

A prodigious crash broke from the machine—a scream of steel biting upon steel. The connecting-rod, breaking from its hold, thrashed with a destroying gesture against the frame. The metal cracked sharply; the shaft, turning half-way over, moved the eccentrics until they pushed the valves wide open. Steam gushed into the cylinder; the piston shot upward like a projectile in a gun; the cylinder-head cracked under its impact, and scalding vapor burst from every vent in the racked, distorted fabric.

Nothing could be done to stay the destruction. In an instant the engine-room was filled with blinding, strangling steam. Garrity, with a cry of anguish, hurled himself against the door, bore through, and, toppling on the rail, slipped overboard into the icy water. The fireman followed, yelling in terror, and from within came the roar of the escaping power and the clanking turmoil of the machine as it heaved itself into a shapeless ruin.

The "Fancy" did not founder. A sister tug towed her to a pier, still wreathed about with wisps of moist vapor, and Garrity, picked from the tide, was laid in a hospital cot.

"What devil's work is this?" asked the owner, after inspecting the wrecked engine. He had found the pin-key lying far from its place, and the pin itself disjointed from its bearing.

"I seen Dolan come out o' there jus' afore it happened," a deck-hand told him. "An' ye know, Commodore, how he quit on us when we was afire out below."

"That's right," put in the fireman, "an' Dolan had it in for Jim Garrity, too. I overhear him say so, onct."

There was no explanation from Dolan; he had disappeared.

"There's a young woman to see you," said the nurse, when Garrity had recovered consciousness and some of his strength.

"Me?" he murmured in astonishment. "I guess it's a mistake. There's none to see me. Did ye make sure?"

There was a rustle of skirts, and Garrity tried to lift the bandages from his face and eyes. But the nurse restrained him.

"It's Carrie," a whisper told him. "Carrie—my poor, poor Jim!"

A sob echoed, and a head was laid upon the pillow beside his, bound in its disfiguring bandages.

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DEER'S HEAD—AN UNFINISHED SKETCH

Ernest Seton-Thompson at Home.

By Hutchins Hapgood.

With portraits, and several sketches by Mr. Thompson, hitherto unpublished.

ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON is a picturesque-looking man in the late thirties. His hair is long, black, and wavy; his face pale and regular, with emphatic, dark eyes. He looks as much like the great Polish pianist, Paderewski, as is possible for an Englishman.

But the obviously æsthetic ceases with Mr. Seton-Thompson's looks. In manner he is direct and simple, unaffected, does not talk "art," and is interested primarily in facts.

An interview, in which the talk was carried on sometimes by Mrs. Seton-Thompson, sometimes by the artist himself, bore mainly upon the elucidation of the two prime qualities of the man—his tenacity of purpose and his love of truth.

"There is only one way to succeed," he said, in answer to a question, "and that is to keep at it." The autobiographical detail he told illustrated his ability in that line without his intending it. As a very young boy he was interested in animals, and when ten years old was at the head of a circus, where the boys impersonated Indians, buffaloes, etc., and had sham battles, much in the manner of Buffalo Bill. He even edited a newspaper at that tender age, in order, as he expressed it, "to advertise my show." He wrote, as well as set up, illustrated, and printed all of the paper himself, and one day published a poem on the king-bird, which was always a favorite with him.

"Was it a sentimental poem?"

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"No—heroic," he replied, gravely.

A characteristic spirit for a student of wild animals.

When he was eighteen, he went to London to study art and natural history. He was the youngest student who ever got a life ticket to the British Museum, and the way he secured it was characteristic. After applying to the superintendent, the governor of the Museum, and other officials, and being systematically refused because of his minority, nothing daunted, he wrote letters to each of the Honorary Trustees: the Prince of Wales, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Earl of Beaconsfield. He got his ticket. He won a scholarship, too, at the Royal Academy, for his work in art. But all this time—a period of two years and a half—he spent only $400, and that included his ticket to London. He had one little dark hall-room, and his landlady cooked his frugal meals. In the daytime he worked at the Academy, and in the evening in the Museum, with books on natural history.

"I discovered," he said, "that there have been naturalists since Cuvier and Audubon."

"I was hungry but happy in London," he remarked. "I was left alone with my work and a few books—Tennyson, Ruskin, Knight's 'Animated Nature,' Chaucer, Spencer, and Shakespeare. Shakespeare bored me. Spencer was a duty. I liked Chaucer for his human nature, but Tennyson and Ruskin were favorites. My relatives finally looked me up and thought I was dying with consumption, but I was only hungry."

He was sent to Manitoba, "where," he said, "I was really born." There he lived out-door, on the plains, among the animals, and studied the things he loved. The one dream he had always had, to be a naturalist, was there first practically realized. There he wrote his "Birds of Manitoba" and "Mammals of Manitoba." There he got his material for, among other stories, the "Sand-hill Stag," in which Yan is none other than himself.

"When I found I was to leave Manitoba," he said, "I felt my heart sink."

Nevertheless, he went to New York in 1883, to make his fortune, with $2.63 in his pocket; to a city where there was nobody he knew, except an old school friend whom he was unable to find for several days.

"I didn't know what to do," he said, "or how to do it, but I knew I would do it."

Madison Square fountain was the only place where he could get a free drink, so he used to go there every day at noon to eat his single roll. He busily canvassed the city for a job—any kind of a job. One day he went into a place on Elm Street and asked for work.

"What do you want to do?" the proprietor asked him.

"Anything," he replied.

"Will you drive a street-car?"

"Yes."

"Will you sweep the street?"

"Yes."

"Will you run errands?"

"Yes."

"Then I guess you'll get a job."

"But he didn't give me a job," smiled Mr. Seton-Thompson.

Finally he found a place in a lithographic store. The boss liked some drawings the young man showed him.

"How much salary do you want?" he asked.

"Forty dollars a week."

"I'll give you $5."

"All right," replied the astonished and delighted youth, "I'll take it." The bargain was closed.

One day a drummer came to the shop, and said to the boss that there was a new cigar called the "Raven," and that a good design of a raven was worth $10,000. The new employee overheard what was said, and took the boss aside.

"You let me draw that raven," he said, "and we'll get the prize." He went to Central Park and drew a raven from life. "And a very good raven it was," he said. Sure enough, his raven was declared the best, and used to advertise the cigar. So he went to the boss again.

"I wanted $40 a week when I came,"

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ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON.

From a photograph taken for this magazine by Gertrude Käsebier.

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AN UNFINISHED DRAWING FROM MR. THOMPSON'S SKETCH-BOOK.

he said. "You gave me $5. I want a raise. You see, I'm of value."

"How much do you want?"

"Forty dollars."

"Why, my best man gets only $25."

"But has he ever brought so much money to the concern?"

"Well, I'll give you $20."

It was a colossal sum, and eagerly accepted.

"But when springtime began to boil in my blood," continued Mr. Seton-Thompson, "I longed for the plains, and told my boss I was going. He said, 'How big a raise do you want now?' But I told him I must go, and I went."

That time he stayed in Manitoba till 1885, and since then, although he has made many trips West, New York has been his headquarters. The recent history of his life has been largely the history of his work, and is well known.

So much in the way of anecdote, to illustrate the man's energy and tenacity of purpose. Now let us see his ideal, and what he wants to do.

"There is only one thing in life worth having," he said emphatically, "and that is the truth."

He picked up an old note-book containing maps, descriptions of animals and plants, minute observations, illustrative drawings, detail of all sorts about the habits, measurements, and characteristics of animals. The book was frayed and torn, but the artist handled it with tender sympathy.

"It looks like a lot of rags," he said; "but there isn't enough money in New York to buy it."

He has a whole big book of notes given over to the reindeer. That animal is pictured in all sorts of occupations and attitudes—there are all sorts of descriptive notes and observations of the minutest character. It is primarily the faithful work of a scientist.

"I am an artist only by accident," said Mr. Seton-Thompson. "I never call myself an artist. I am simply a naturalist. My ambition is to be known as a naturalist.

"I don't want to bore you," he continued, "but let me show you that I am really conscientious." He showed the visitor the preliminary notes—two big volumes—of what he hopes will prove his *magnum opus*. It will be a completely illustrated history of all the Big Game in America, their territorial range, habits, characteristics, etc. He has already many carefully prepared maps, and no end of observations. He is so much interested

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A YOUTHFUL PORTRAIT OF MR. SETON-THOMPSON.

in this volume that it was with difficulty he could be induced to talk of anything else.

"I see," said the visitor, "that you have Botticelli and Japanese tapestries on your walls. Why do you like them?"

"I like the Japanese and the pre-Raphaelites," answered the artist, "because they tell the truth. They are interested in nature. I hate the art that tries to be pretty. I have no patience with the cry of 'art for art's sake.' I like art for nature's sake. When I am in the Rockies, I never want to draw. I only draw and write when I am not living.

"It is wonderful," he proceeded, "how the truth will prevail. Throw five lies and three truths together, and the lies will be swallowed up. When I gather material from cow-punchers, the forty-niners, etc., I take down all they say, for I find that only the truth will remain when it is sifted."

Mr. Seton-Thompson illustrates the rare case of a man with predominating scientific interest who is also an artist. In his case, art, although merely a handmaiden to science, is not crushed out, as it usually is, by the scientific habit of mind.

Like most men who work all the time, Mr. Seton-Thompson's habits are very simple. As his wife remarked; "He is abnormal in no particular. He rises regularly at 7 or 7.30" ("6.30" interrupted her husband), "and works continually, and without putting his feet on the table. It is consequently difficult to find him in a picturesque attitude. His amusement is in working at scientific books or making investigations. He does not care for sports, and belongs to no clubs. The editor of one of our literary reviews asked him some time ago to join a club. 'Is it the sort of a place where I can take my wife to dine?' he asked, innocently. He is very domestic and rarely goes to the theatre; but when he does, his mind churns on the play for weeks and distracts him from other things. Whatever comes before him receives the keenest attention. He does not care for animal pets, for they are tame, but is fond of going to the Zoo."

Mr. Seton-Thompson is writing, in

AN UNFINISHED SKETCH.

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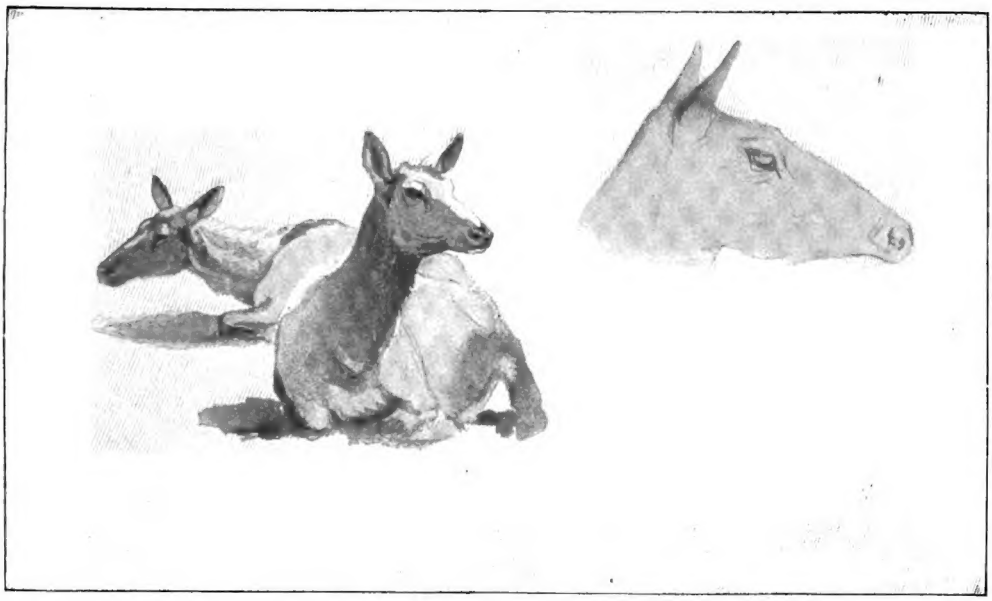

AN UNFINISHED DRAWING BY ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON.

collaboration with Ed. Milton Royle, the well-known playwright, a comic opera, founded on the characters in his books. Although it is light, there is, as in all his work, a serious undertone. The only man in the play, a sportsman, appears as the villain. The other characters are well-known animals—Lobo, Faunima (the all-powerful spirit of the animals), Wully, Mustang, Coyotito, etc. They capture the sportsman in a bear-trap, and sit in judgment on him.

A sample verse from the Coyote's song, written by Mr. Seton-Thompson, is as follows:

I'm the voice of all the wildest West, the Patti of the plains,
A wild Wagnerian opera of diabolic strains;
I'm a raving, ranting orchestra, with lunatics be-crammed;
A vocalized tornado, I'm the shrieking of the damned.

Refrain.

So I can sing to charm your soul or pierce it like a lance,
All I ask of you to do is give me half a chance—
With a yap, yap, yap for the morning,
And a youp, youp, youp for the night,
And a wow, wow, wow for the rising moon,
And a yah-h-h-h for the camp-fire light:
Yap—youp—wow—yah-h-h!

Even in this comic Coyote's song one sees the naturalist. Mr. Seton-Thompson has heard that beast sing at all times and in all seasons, and has embodied his observations in a form likely to catch the attention of the public.

Those who know him are well aware that "Thompson" is purely an assumed name on the part of his family. He is a son of the old Scottish house of Seton, and is so fully alive to the distinction that we need not be surprised to have him appear publicly under his historic family name.

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Ezra Fitch's Idees on New Year Resolootin'.

SOME men are natural born rilers—got horns all over 'em, thet jags everybody they tech. Course we've got to believe thet the Lord made all of us, an' knowed purty close to what He wuz doin' at thet. But jedgin' from how et is aroun' here in Farwood, it do appear to me thet He does create a most uncommon powerful lot o' muskeeters an' deekins.

Well, t'other day Deekin Brumby ast me, in a kinda insinooatin' way: "Ezry, what resolootin' air ye goin' to do fer the new year?"

By gol', but thet did rile me. The ol' Deekin is a most aggervatin' cuss, with thet paternizin' smirk on his face. I turned aroun' square at 'im, and sez I: "Well, Deekin, sence the Lord hez put you in high places to jedge us ornery critters, ye might tell me about what kind o' resolootin' ye think would do the most good fer ol' Ezry." I said this kind o' 'umble-like, leadin' 'im on.

"Well," sez he; "I don't jest know what yer most besettin' sin might be, Ezry. Every man knows his own wickedness best; but it does a man a power o' good to draw in the reins purty tight onct a year and take a new start, just to show the Lord he *means* right anyhow."

An' then I into 'im, an' I sez: "Deekin Brumby, ef I sot myself up in the 'amen corner' every Sunday, an' looked so pious as ef eatin' blackberry jam ud be a wickedness I'd never stoop to propergate, I'll be hungswuzzled ef I'd go out an' cuss my innards out, an' lick my horse for trampin' the lines in the mud caze I wuz too dasted lazy to tie 'em up afore I went into church! Didn't know ez anybody wuz on t'other side o' the shed, did ye? er ye mighta done yer cussin' in a leetle more scriptural langwage. Well, thet ain't all yit. Ef I hed any resolootin' to do, an' hed fifteen cows good ez yourn, I'll be durned ef I wouldn't resoloote to let Deekin Jackson's widder hev a quart o' milk a day without astin' her to pay fer it out o' the hard-earned mite she gits fer takin' in washin' from them ez never were her equals—an' you a brother deekin with him, too. Eh, think I'm gittin' kind o' personal, do ye? Well, them ez pokes ther noses into other people's bizness is allus liable to smell sumpin' other people wouldn't 'a' shoved up to 'em ef they'd a-kep' themselves busy on the beams in ther own eyes. I allus take notice thet the man what's all the time worryin' about his neighbor not doin' right, spends mighty little time keepin' the kinks out o' his own hair an' conshuns.

"There's a power o' men writin' religious books what orter stick to keepin' diaries; an' more folks ud git religion ef they didn't know the orneryness of some men what the preacher can't keep out o' the 'amen corner' on Sundays. Good resolooshuns is all right; but the man what only makes 'em onct a year hez got ter be mighty pertickler what day he picks out to die on, er the Angel Gabriel might fergit what his intentions wuz before election. This thing o' promisin' the Lord what yer goin' to do, only shows Him ye know what's right, but thet ye'd ruther hev coppers in yer stockin'-toe here, than start an account fer a corner lot in heaven; an' thet ye'd ruther scratch the itch o' yer human depravity, than lay awake nights tryin' to think how to do some good thet would coax St. Peter to let ye through the pearly gates.

"Ef there's any resolootin' ter be done, the 29th o' December's a durned sight better'n the 1st o' Janooary, er the resolootin' ain't wuth shucks." Course the Deekin wuz away down the road by this time; but I hed my talk out anyhow; an' he'd heerd enuff not to come any more resolootin' talk aroun' me.

Ef a man knows he's doin' what he hedn't orter, the time fer resolootin' is quick ez he finds et out. Ef ther's any one sin too mean an' sneakin' fer the Lord to fergive, et's the swearin'-off spree thet some men take jest 'fore ther spell o' New Year resolootin'.

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